Coexistence as the Soviets See It

May 10, 1962 25¢

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

THE REPORTER

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Tsukiko

■ Tsukiko Yamazaki's father is a professor of botany, but her own interest in flowers is mainly aesthetic. As a girl she studied ikebana, flower arrangement, and also origami, the ancient Japanese art of folding paper into flowers, birds and other shapes. With such a cultivated feeling for beauty and serenity, it is not surprising that Tsukiko makes a charming hostess on the DC-8 Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines. In her colorful kimono she is herself a living and lovely part of the calm beauty of Japan that surrounds you as you fly to the Orient at almost the speed of sound.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR readers will remember the article by **Edmond Taylor,** our French correspondent, on psychological warfare in the issue of September 14, 1961. The conflict between the Soviet Union and the West is, and we hope will remain, at the political level, but considering Khrushchev's aims of world conquest, it is nevertheless of the utmost importance for our survival. We continue our reporting on this particular aspect of "peace in our time," to borrow Mr. Chamberlain's phrase, and think that first of all we must ascertain all we can of what our Russian opponents are doing in their political offensive. This is a particularly difficult task, since the Russian warriors, both political and military, differ from ours in that they are not in the habit of discussing their strategy and tactics in public. But we can analyze some of their political operations as they are shown in specific instances. This is what Mr. Taylor has done. He himself has a good background as an old political warrior. In 1940 Houghton Mifflin published his *Strategy of Terror* and during the Second World War he worked with the Office of Strategic Services. In his article he describes the main lines of Russian techniques, most of them aimed at creating dissension among the nations of the western alliance and of course at monopolizing the universal yearning for peace. The Russians are certainly tough opponents, and to counteract them is not easy, particularly for democratic governments; but this, as we said, is a subject that we intend to pursue. . . . We are always hearing about the difficulties that poor Mr. Khrushchev is having at home, what with all those Stalinists hiding in the bushes, waiting to throw him out of office. How many times have we read that after all, in spite of the differences between the régimes, Khrushchev is more or less in the same predicament as President Kennedy? **Jerry F. Hough,** who is with the Department of Political Science at the University of Illinois, has examined the structure of Russian politics to see whether it offers any opportunity for a really effective opposition.

IN OUR COUNTRY, certainly, there is nothing monolithic about the party in power. Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** reports that if anything, on a nation-wide scale, the Democratic Party is more loosely organized than it was during the eight years of the Eisenhower administration. . . . **George Bailey,** our Central European correspondent, has left Berlin, at least for the time being, and reports in this issue from Britain. Here is a comprehensive, bird's-eye view that we thought was needed, particularly at a time when Prime Minister Macmillan, who is not particularly strong at home, is making his influence very much felt among the chief policy makers of our country. . . . Our report on Vietnam, too, is necessarily an interim one. The situation there, certainly for different reasons, is entirely fluid. American soldiers are actually fighting in Vietnam. True, they fight only when attacked, but the Communists scarcely miss an opportunity to comply and bring them into action. **Jerry A. Rose** is a free-lance writer based in Southeast Asia. . . . Among the members of the Kennedy cabinet who have emerged as endowed to a remarkable degree with clarity of vision and strength in action is Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg. However, some of his former labor associates seem to be having qualms about the remarkable job he is doing. **Hobart Rowan** is with the Washington Bureau of *Newsweek*. . . . **Maya Pines** is the author of *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channel Press).

George H. T. Kimble is professor of geography at Indiana University and was for seven years secretary-treasurer of the International Geographic Union. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** *Contemporaries* has recently been published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. . . . **Hilton Kramer** has just returned from a three-month visit to Europe. . . . **William Lee Miller** teaches in the Department of Social Ethics at the Yale Divinity School. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a free-lance writer.

Our cover for this issue is by **John McDermott.**

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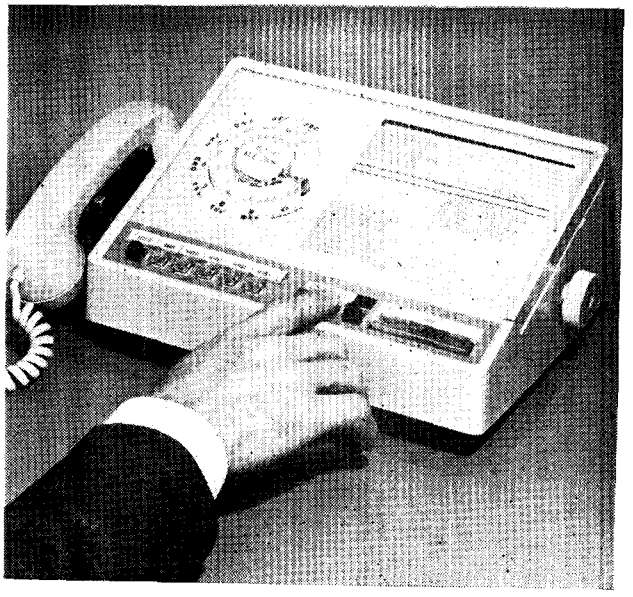

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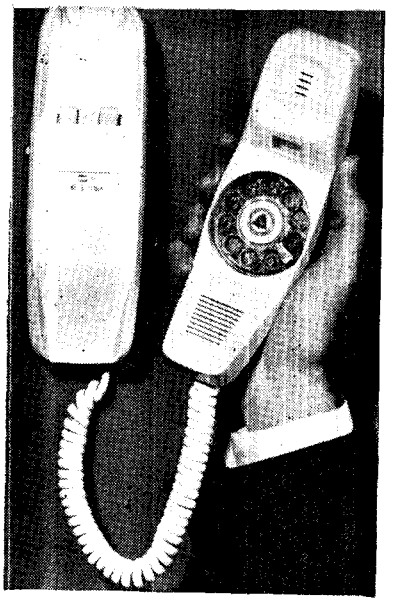

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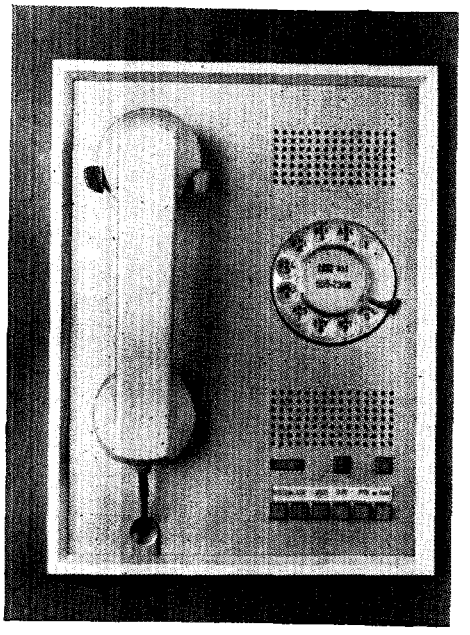

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REAPPORTIONMENT

To the Editor: You point out in *The Reporter's* Notes ("The Court's Decision," April 12) that "the minority opinion of a great judge frequently turns out to be the court decision of tomorrow." While this statement is indisputable, I consider it does not apply to Mr. Justice Frankfurter's dissenting opinion in the Tennessee reapportionment case.

Mr. Frankfurter, with all his eloquence and scholarship, is fighting a rearguard action. His arguments have the same hollow ring that many Court decisions, later reversed, have had in the past—academic rationalizations like the Dred Scott decision and the many wage-and-hour cases at the turn of the century.

WILLIAM K. VIERTEL
Canton, New York

To the Editor: I read J. Anthony Lukas's "Barnyard Government in Maryland" (*The Reporter*, April 12) with great interest and was certainly impressed by the incisive and discerning reporting that went into it.

J. HAROLD GRADY
Mayor
City of Baltimore

To the Editor: We in Maryland are proud of our barnyards, the people they have produced, and their philosophies. Maryland government on a statewide basis and Maryland policies will measure up to any other state in the Union, despite H. L. Mencken and J. Anthony Lukas.

I believe that whether a county or district has one representative or ten, the individuals of that county or district will be well represented if the representative is a qualified and able person.

MARY CLARE MACCUBBIN
Annapolis, Maryland

To the Editor: J. Anthony Lukas's article is a most accurate representation of the situation obtaining in Maryland. It is an interesting sidelight on the situation that the hidebound resistance of rural legislators throughout the country has forced the need for action by the Federal Courts. Thus, a further invasion into the area of "state's rights" brought about by those who most usually proclaim the virtues of this sacred slogan.

ALEXANDER STARK
House of Delegates
Annapolis, Maryland

PRESIDENT AND PRESS

To the Editor: Congratulations on the article by Worth Bingham and Ward S. Just ("The President and the Press," *The Reporter*, April 12). This calls attention to an area that gives me increasing concern. As one of those who voted for Kennedy and supports most

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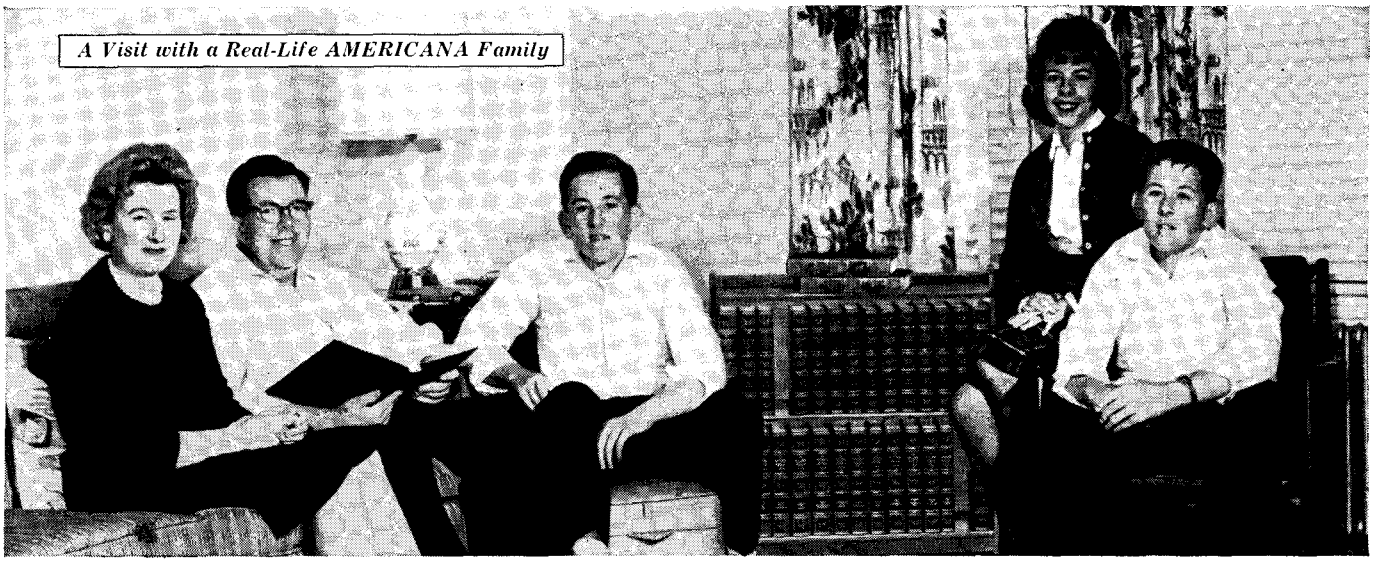

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—Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Campbell, Waltham, Mass.

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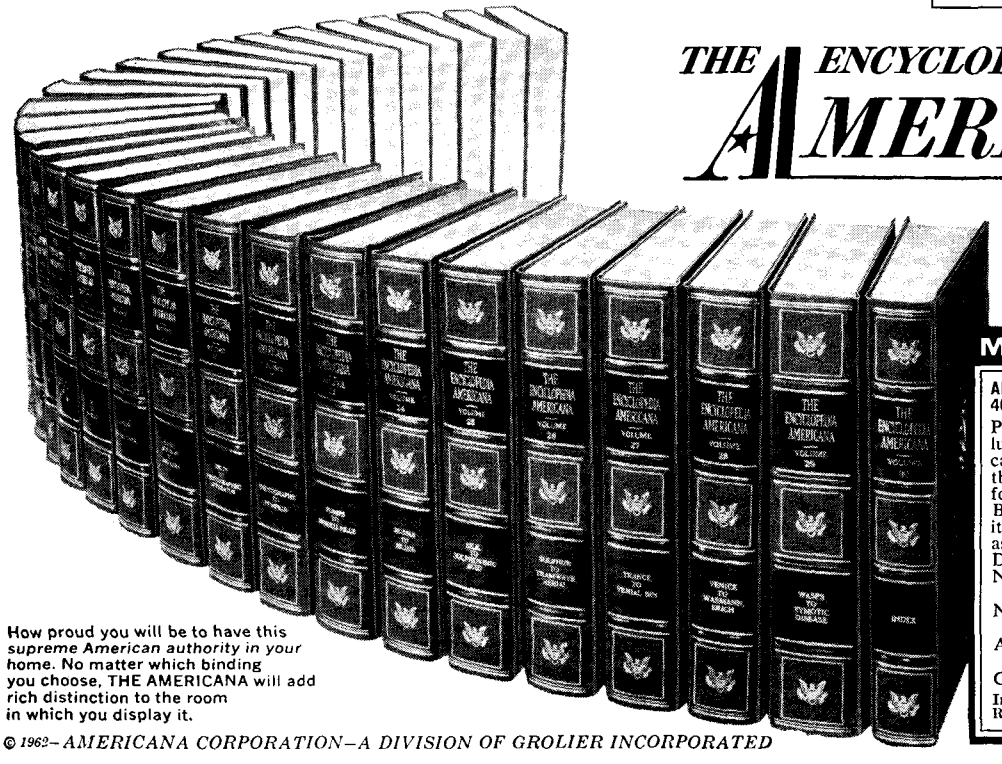

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of the policies of his administration, it has nevertheless been very disturbing to see the way in which he has employed status, privy conference, and social functions to seduce the liberal press into speaking with muffled voices, and the way in which they have acquiesced.

RICHARD A. MACDONALD, M.D.
Newton, Massachusetts

To the Editor: The President has changed White House relations with newsmen and I firmly believe it's for the better.

HARRY H. WEINBAUM
Editor and Publisher,
The Courier Newspapers,
Detroit, Michigan

To the Editor: A free flow of information is necessary to a strong democracy, and your article presented this quite accurately.

WILLIAM E. STRASSBURG
President, Montgomery Publishing Company
Fort Washington, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: One realizes, after reading the article by Messrs. Bingham and Just, how much some Washington pressmen's idea of "news" has in common with that of their brothers who conscientiously dog the footsteps of Liz and Eddie, reporting fully on all they do or say. The Presidency is far from the only news source, even in Washington. Nothing the President does prevents depth reporting on the continual denial of education to Negroes in Prince Edward County, Virginia, the long-run problems of the depressed areas, the ramifications of organized crime, the crisis of American education, the difficulties presented by the power of the military-industrial complex, and so on.

Perhaps it will be objected that reporters, publishers, and the American public do not accept these stories as "news." Well then, the reasons for this would make a better lead article in a magazine of *The Reporter's* stature than the self-conscious revelation of a guilt complex capitol reporters seem to have acquired sitting in Washington bars worrying about whether they are too fond of Kennedy.

JAMES S. MAGEE
Princeton, New Jersey

IN TRANSIT

To the Editor: I was very much interested in the story by Bettye Rice Hughes in the April 26 edition of *The Reporter* ("A Negro Tourist in Dixie").

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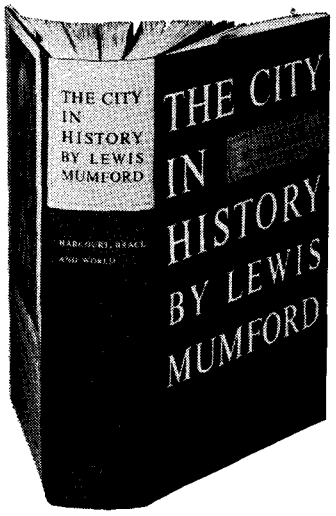

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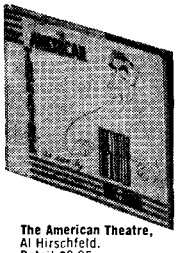

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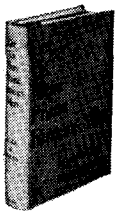

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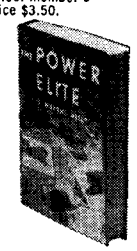

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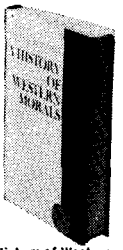

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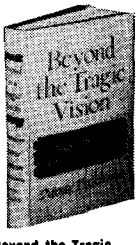

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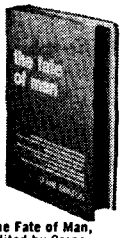

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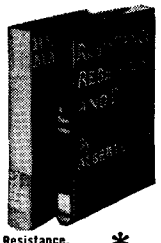

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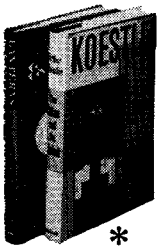

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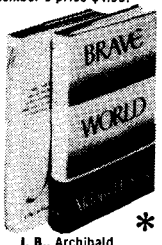

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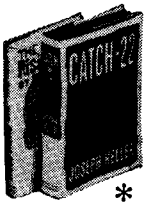

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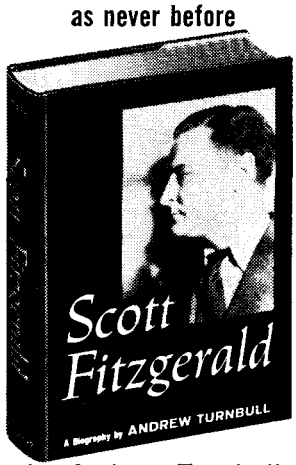

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are noted most dramatically when we compare the results of these unpublicized tests with reactions at the same lunch counters only a short time prior to the decision. Well, today, as Miss Hughes aptly points out, the job is one of reinforcing the law by individual action. A few short months before she made her trip through the South, she would have been barred from entering most of the "white" waiting rooms and assuredly arrested in some cases if she persisted. *The Reporter* has performed a valuable service by publishing this article. It should encourage the timid to assert their rights and their dignity.

GORDON R. CAREY
Program Director
Congress of Racial Equality
New York

To the Editor: I bought a copy of your April 12 issue to read on the plane from New York to London. It was my misfortune to turn first to Noel Mostert's "The Liner, She Was a Lady" and it spoiled the entire journey for me. I am of a generation that knows little of the great ships he writes about, and he made me feel my loss deeply. Thanks to him and to *The Reporter* for this beautifully written glimpse of the noble days of trans-Atlantic travel, when going to Europe meant a three-thousand-mile voyage on the great seas instead of a five-hour ordeal of droning and TV dinner, jammed helplessly between snoring mammoths. Of course, I have saved a great amount of time—which reminds me that I must end this hastily so that I can catch a connecting flight out of here.

SARAH BROOME
London

WORDS

To the Editor: Since the question of the new unabridged Webster's has been raised (*The Reporter's* Notes, April 12), I might point out that the prescriptive-descriptive distinction is a false one. The fault of the new dictionary is not that it is descriptive, but that it is not descriptive enough.

English exists on several levels. The English of scholars has different vocabulary and rules from the English of truck drivers. A truly descriptive dictionary would tell not only how a word is used but on what levels these usages take place.

The new Webster's Unabridged, by failing to distinguish among these different levels, has failed in this important and essentially descriptive task.

MICHAEL V. MAHONEY
Portland, Oregon

To the Editor: I sure am glad to of heard that you ain't like them what don't want no change in our language. Like I always say, who wants to make their living learning kids English like some of us does? (No thanks to Webster's.) Who needs standards?

NANCY-LOU PATTERSON
Seattle

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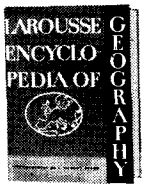

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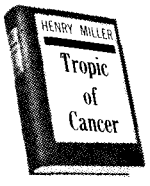

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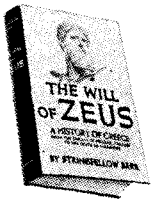

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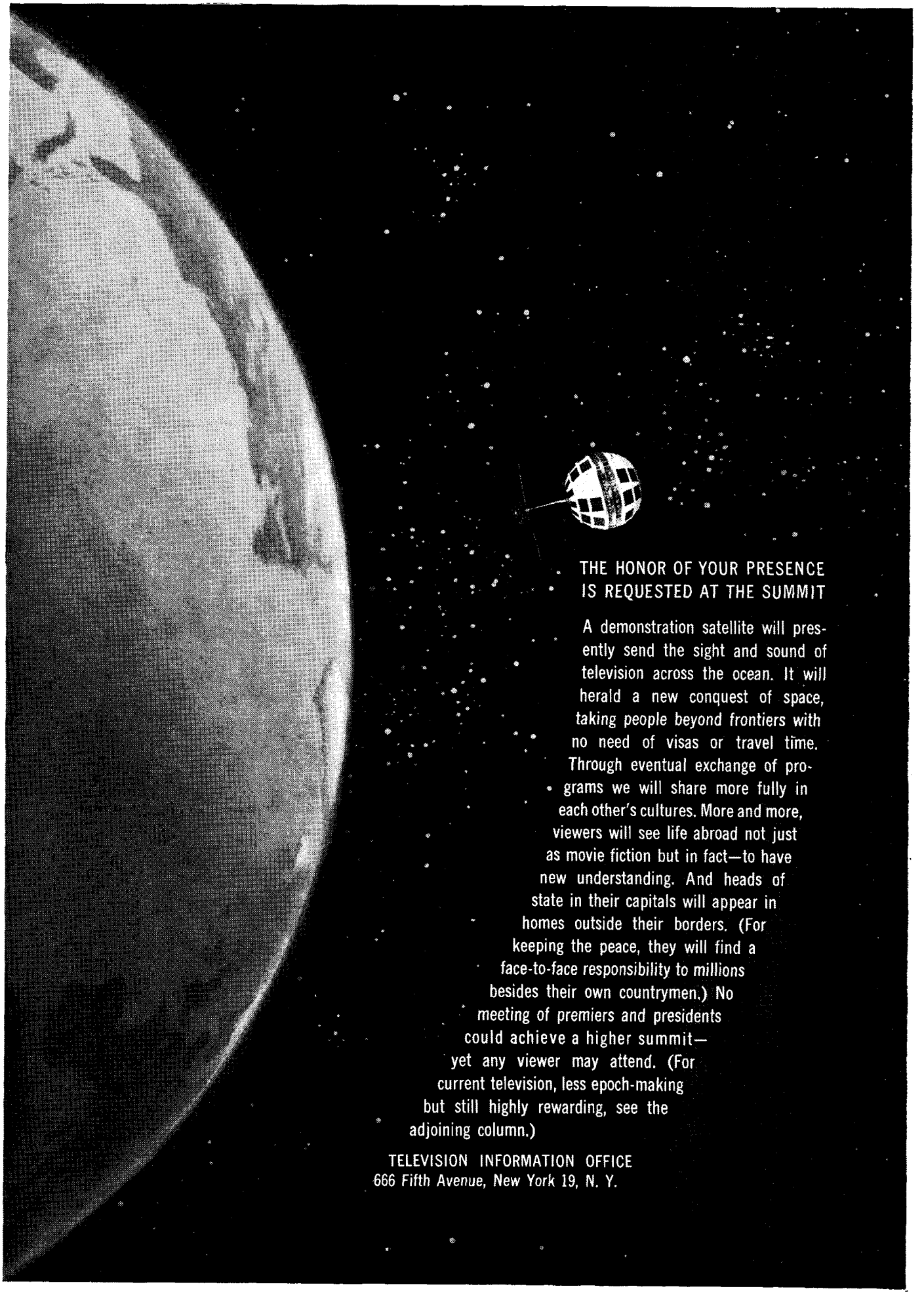

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Research on communications satellite.
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Meet the Professor
Bell Wiley on the Civil War soldier.
Sunday, May 6 (2:30-3 PM)

The Unstoppable Gray Fox
Lee J. Cobb in Saroyan's play.
Sunday, May 6 (9-9:30 PM)

Look Up and Live
Excerpts from Camus' *The Plague*.
Sunday, May 13 (10:30-11 AM)

Whitsuntide
Elizabethan music for Pentecost.
Sunday, May 13 (3-3:30 PM)

The Bing Crosby Show
Guests: Bob Hope and Edie Adams.
Monday, May 14 (10-11 PM)

Cry Out in Silence
Celeste Holm portrays an ailing actress.
Tuesday, May 15 (10-10:30 PM)

Mother and Daughter
The troubled adolescent.
Thursday, May 17 (3-4 PM)

White Paper: The Inferno
Report on life in a Sicilian slum.
Friday, May 18 (9:30-10-30 PM)

The Adams Family: An American Dynasty
Tour of the Adams house in Quincy, Mass.
Sunday, May 20 (1-1:30 PM)

The "Emmy" Awards
Tuesday, May 22 (10-11:30 PM)

The Overseas Chinese
Growing influence of Chinese in Singapore.
Tuesday, May 22 (10:30-11 PM)

Breakthrough: Cancer
Progress report on medical research.
Friday, May 25 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Hurricane
The story of Hurricane Carla.
Sunday, May 27 (10-11 PM)

The Fifty Faces of '62
Issues and personalities in '62 elections.
Wednesday, May 30 (10-11 PM)

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Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Probability and Statistics American Government
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	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS
	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE
	WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
	ACCENT
	MEET THE PROFESSOR
	DIRECTIONS '62
	ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE
	ISSUES AND ANSWERS
	PATTERNS IN MUSIC
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Can There Be An End?

The explosions at Christmas Island have begun on schedule, and Valerian A. Zorin, also right on schedule, has described the new series of nuclear tests as "one of the expressions of the general political line of the United States of keeping the world in a fever of military preparations." He even asked his listeners at the disarmament conference in Geneva to believe that our principal goal is "to prepare the population psychologically for war."

Perhaps the only surprise in the whole unhappy episode was the failure of the Russians to come forward sometime during March or April with a proposal sufficiently plausible to make Mr. Kennedy postpone the start of the tests. In his March 2 speech, we must remember, he had promised not to resume testing in the atmosphere if the Russians signed a meaningful test-ban treaty. But the Russians must have seen that Mr. Kennedy meant business, and despite their low-yield blasts of vituperation, they are apparently quite content to let history take its course. The next step, we are told, will probably be a new round of Russian tests.

And then what? Will there be any hope for sensible talk at last after both sides have done what they claim they must do to protect their national interests? The people who march protesting with banners, at least the best of them, would call that a cynical hope. But just as we must not overemphasize our distaste for what we cannot help doing, we must not underestimate the uses skillful negotiators may be able to make of Soviet hypocrisy. And we must take what solace we can from the possibility that naïve idealism about how good the world might be often constitutes a better psychological preparation for war than a bitter awareness of how bad it usually is.

Perhaps after the major nuclear powers have drunk their fill, the Russians may decide that it's time to close the bar. If that moment comes, we must be just as deliberate in reaching an effective international agreement to stop tests as we have been in reaching our own decision to start them again. A very heavy responsibility is implied in both instances: a responsibility to mankind to see to it that these horrible tests are brought to an end and that nobody is tempted to start them again.

High Noon

If it weren't for a few painful reminders (such as the traffic mess) that New York is in fact a big city, New Yorkers might well be wondering these days if they weren't living in just any old frontier town, taking part in just any old half-hour western. We are thinking of the city's new traffic commissioner, Mr. Henry Barnes, "a pretty tough-hided citizen," as the *Herald Tribune* puts it, who, in the words of the *World Telegram*, is "lately a stranger in town." Comes from down Baltimore way, they might have added. Says he aims to clean up the town.

New York, of course, has had its new marshals before, and people have long since given up hope that the traffic will ever get much better. As far as Mr. Barnes was concerned, they knew there was also the problem of Big Bob Moses. Big Bob's usually got six, seven, eight city or state jobs at once, and he's quick on the draw when his authority is challenged. He's even cut Fighting Bob Wagner down to size. "The professional vomiters and mud-throwers, jealous and unhappy chairmen and secretaries of moribund civic societies with their excited, maggoty brains, the rattle-

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snake element in the press . . ." That's the way he likes to talk about folks who don't see things his way.

From the day he got to town just about, Mr. Barnes started challenging Big Bob. He blamed him for some of the city's traffic problems. "He brought the parkways to the edge of [Manhattan] island," he said, "and left them there, forgot about them. From there on it's your problem." The townspeople immediately went indoors and pulled their shutters closed. "Was it possible, New Yorkers began to wonder," as the *Telegram* later observed, "that Henry Barnes could keep tossing off cracks about Robert Moses and get away with it? No, it wasn't." In true gunsmoke fashion, Big Bob Moses told the commissioner to "stick to his dances," and warned that if "he insists on making lurid announcements and random unsupported wisecracks at the expense of those who have duties to perform, he will find New York"—what else?—"a tough town." It amounted more or less to shooting a whiskey glass out of the commissioner's hand at fifty paces and anyone else would have packed up his radar traps and got out of town.

Not old Henry. He fired back that Big Bob's concepts of traffic control were "outmoded," and even had the nerve to question a proposed elevated expressway project that Big Bob had been talking about for sixteen years. The warning shots got louder: "Mr. Barnes has been in New York only a few months. The newspapers, radio and television indicate that most of his spare time has been devoted to blowing his own horn."

That should have done it, but it didn't. As things now stand, New York is pretty much at that point in the saloon when a couple of tables have been overturned, a bottle or two and a deck of cards lie scattered on the floor, and the scared townspeople have withdrawn to the bar, waiting as the two men face each other. Following the script with care, the new marshal has just sneered, "Everybody is supposed to be overwhelmed by Mr. Moses. When they open their mouths, it's supposed to be in amazement at him, not to speak, let alone to criticize. I wasn't brought to New York for that."

Yore move, Big Bob. Folks is watchin'.

Burying the Dead

The seven-year battle of some Frenchmen to hold the clock back in Algiers seems at last to be drawing to an end. Throughout, it has been a doleful exercise in human failing and blindness, for the eventual issue could never be in doubt and the cost in human life and self-respect has been high. The pathetic thing is that on all sides men of high courage and dignity—as well as some others not so endowed—have died amid the carnage for principles that to them seemed worth their lives but that most of the world has thought at best stupid. The end has been shockingly banal. General Raoul Salan, one of France's distinguished soldiers, lies in a Paris jail, apparently a helpless drug addict, compulsively chattering out the secrets of the Secret Army. Thus ends the tragedy of Algiers—not with a bang but a whimper.

The future now lies with strong men. We have reason to be grateful that France has such a man.

The Free Riders

"We're tired of suffering," said Louis Boyd, the unemployed Negro longshoreman whose family arrived in New York City not long ago, courtesy of the New Orleans White Citizens Council. Mr. Boyd, who thought it was "wonderful" that the Citizens Council had provided him with ten one-way bus tickets, told reporters, "I am not sorry to leave the South. There is nothing for me there." In the country-wide debate that is taking place over the segregationists' latest and most grotesque joke, Mr. Boyd's remarks were notable for their directness and even their innocence.

It is no more true that the bus and train fares to the North being offered Negroes constitute "freedom" rides, than it is that (as an overwrought Northern official has put it) the Negroes are being "expelled" from their home. As it is, spokesmen for both South and North seem

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"THE MAL DE MER-RIER"

One would think that the unhappiest woman in America would be a normally non-nautical suburban matron who finds herself bobbing about Manhattan Bay in the middle of the winter. The truth is (as is so often the case in these irregular reports) quite the opposite. For, in spite of her unglamorous greenness-about-the-gills, the gentlelady above is gratefully and gleefully on her way to glory.—Thanks to Berlitz, as if you didn't know.

A few days before last Christmas, there appeared at the Berlitz School in Manhasset, Long Island, a figure that could hardly be described as reflecting the joyousness of the season. "There are only 49 days until February 8th," said a small but cultured voice. Our local Director, influenced by the traditional Christmas countdown, desperately tried to remember whether February 8th held a special holiday significance for any national group. "What I mean is," continued the worried speaker, "can I possibly learn to speak passable French in seven weeks?" The Director breathed a sigh of relief. Since he knew of no French celebration on that date, there must be a personal reason for the lady's language deadline. And this was a situation he was accustomed to handling. "You *can* if you really want to," was the honest reply, "but can you tell me more of the circumstances that brought you to Berlitz?" "My husband just informed me that he has invited three houseguests to stay with us. They arrive on the 8th. They had something to do with building the S.S. France. They're coming over on her maiden voyage and," she added, "they only speak . . ." "French," concluded the Director with characteristic Berlitz comprehension.

The scene above was sketched some 49 days later. Our heroine achieved such a fine French fluency that her impressed husband thought that it would be a charming idea to have her meet their guests before they landed. And that is why she is aboard a pilot boat heading out to sea.

This story which is as usual, true, has a pleasant and commercial sequel. The lady's culinary and conversational graciousness proved so successful that she and her spouse have been invited to repay the visit, at their guests' chateau near Paris. They're going this summer *AND* her husband has arranged to brush up his French at Berlitz, before they go.

This is another example of the value of speaking another language—a value that proves itself whether you're hosting houseguests, conducting business with a foreign firm, or simply "skoaling" through Scandinavia for pleasure. At Berlitz you begin to speak any language quickly and easily, and private instruction makes it possible to arrange a schedule that meets your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages.

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Puzzled?

(See page 52)

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to be engaged in an exchange of charges that are often without relevance and sometimes without honesty.

The point apparently is to convince some unknown public opinion of the "rightness" of their positions and the superiority of their particular ways of life. The North may grant asylum to the Boyd family with a shower of gifts and solicitude, but this in no way will solve the problems of housing, employment, and discrimination facing its own Negroes. The South, on the other hand, appears to await some sort of vindication when the Boyds or others like them redefect. "This is one way to show the colored people what the situation is in the North," a Council spokesman has said. "If they return South, they can tell the true story." But surely this migration North of Negroes, already well under way, has exploded the old Southern myth about how happy the colored folks are down in Dixie. The segregationists, moreover, who have all along proved themselves more distinguished at the slow and obstructive retreat than at long-range strategy, can only increase local agitation for better jobs and more rights if they prove that traveling north is no solution.

Under New York State welfare law it is possible that a sudden influx of jobless Negroes could be returned to their homes in the South. Their hardship would hardly be worth the drawing of more attention to the North's own Negro problem, although in a sense that would be a useful service.

But New York City (and Washington and Chicago) is already really trying. We can't help thinking that the last laugh will be on the practical jokers themselves. Mr. George Singelmann, a director of the New Orleans Citizens Council, has announced that he is seeking $100,000 from the Louisiana State Legislature to finance more "Freedom" rides and he is hopeful that the money will be granted. Remembering past performances of that august body, we have no doubt it will. If the poor old Supreme Court didn't have enough to do already, we'd say we were rather looking forward to the disposition of the first case brought by a white Louisianan charging that he has been denied bus fare provided out of public funds because of his race.

RANGER IV

"April 26, 1962—The United States' spacecraft Ranger IV crashed onto the moon today after a flight of just under sixty-four hours."—New York Times

Twinkle, twinkle, little fool,
On the dark side of the moon!
Muted, man's imperfect tool
Cannot answer to his tune;

Cannot tell what now it sees
On the cruel cratered waste,
Cannot count the galaxies
Or describe the lunar taste.

There it sits, the heaven-sent,
Straddling the solitude,
Unresponsive instrument
Of a weird and weightless brood

Who will find it there some day
Glittering in some abyss,
And discover in what way
Calculations came to this.

—SEC

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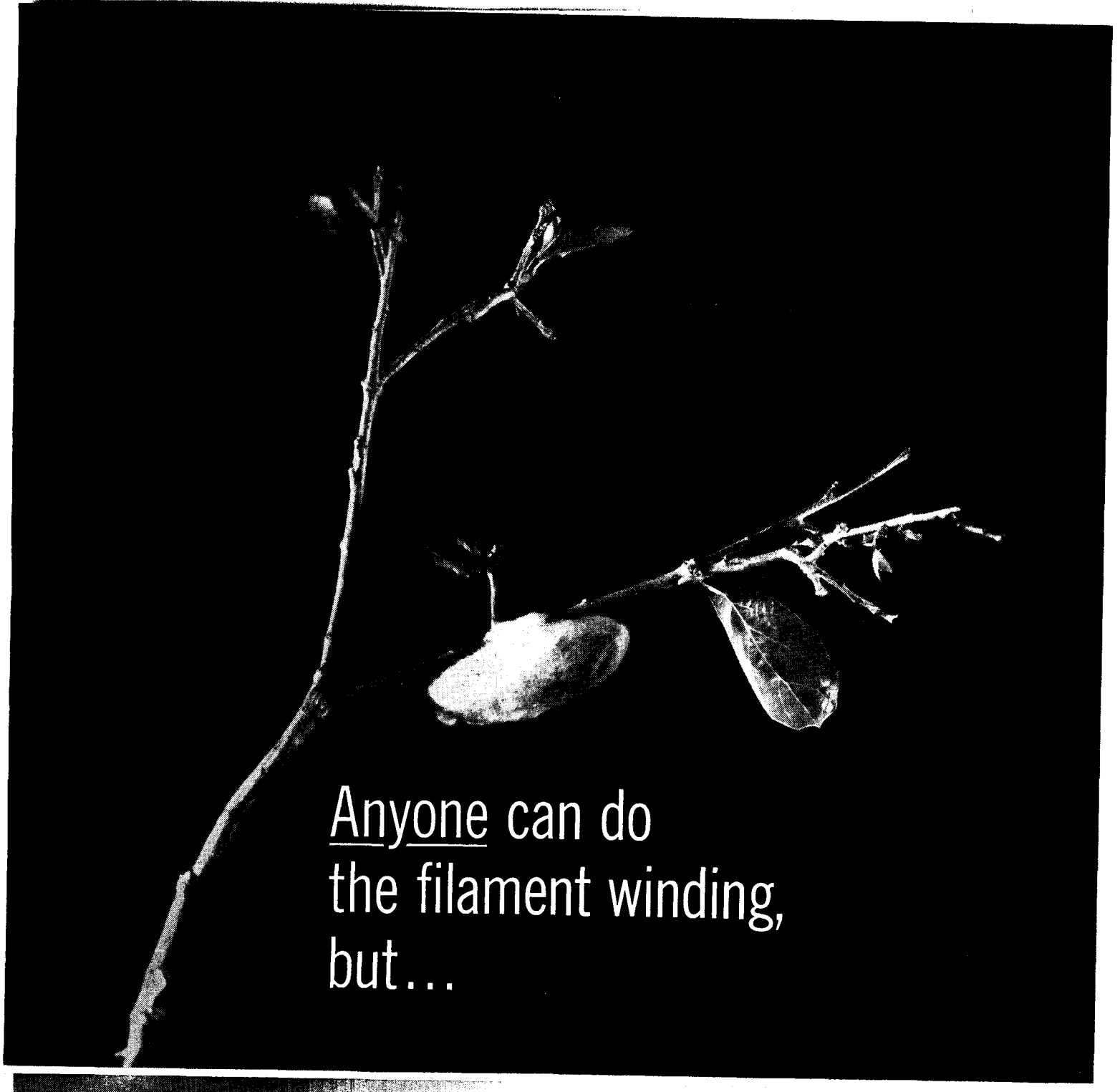

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How the Russians Wage Political Warfare

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"YES, the moment has come to carry out general, universal, and controlled disarmament," Maurice Thorez declared on March 17 at a banquet for one hundred young Frenchmen about to be called up for military service organized by the city fathers of Ivry, the Paris industrial suburb that he represents in the National Assembly. The semi-invalid but still tough leader of French Communism was alluding to the latest Soviet disarmament proposal unveiled at Geneva a few days earlier. "All weapons on the junk-heap," he continued. "No more general staffs! No more generals! No more barracks! No more military service!"

The exhortations were free-hand translations of some remarks addressed by Nikita Khrushchev to the U.N. General Assembly in 1960. They contrasted sharply with the truculent tone of the speech the Soviet leader had delivered in Moscow on March 16—just twenty-four hours before the feast of love and propaganda at Ivry—boasting of the Soviet Union's so-called global nuclear missile. They were equally at variance with the cold warning of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko, delivered a short time before at the foreign ministers' meeting in Geneva, that the Soviets would never accept an effective international inspection system to police a ban on nuclear testing. And the pacifism of Khrushchev's 1960 eloquence sounded less convincing than ever when echoed by Thorez, who is notoriously one of the least de-Stalinized Communist leaders west of Albania.

Considering that the difference between the Khrushchevian and the Stalinist concepts of peaceful coexistence is not as great as some people think, it came as no surprise when the young conscripts-to-be voted a hard-line resolution at Ivry demanding that the government reduce at once the term of military service from twenty-seven to eighteen months (the reduction has already been officially decided but cannot be carried out for a year without raising havoc in the French army), or when they asked for the immediate release of all conscripts who have already served more than eighteen months and for a crackdown on the OAS and other "fascists." (The youths apparently failed to note the contradiction between stamping out the OAS and demobilizing the forces needed for the job.) A delegation was then sent off to the Elysée Palace to lay the demands before President de Gaulle.

THIS LITTLE INCIDENT is indicative of a most important trend in Communist political warfare: a constantly increasing stress on the peace theme so eloquently voiced by Thorez. "Peace offensives" have been an intermittent feature of Communist propaganda for many years; now the peace offensive—synchronized in the underdeveloped countries with the struggle against imperialism—has turned into a relentless attack against the cohesion of the free world. "The banner of peace enables us to rally the masses around us," Khrushchev told an audience of party workers on January 6, 1961. "By holding aloft this banner we will be even more successful."

The peace offensive is an unceasing campaign to identify that universally-wished for commodity, peace, with the party's brand-name. In the underdeveloped countries the peace offensive is chiefly used to foment and sustain civil war, or as Khrushchev more delicately puts it, for contributing to "the success of the national liberation movement." In the West it is a multi-purpose subversive weapon for undermining public confidence in government, for driving wedges between groups, and for recruiting sympathizers and auxiliaries by involving them in oppositional—often illegal—agitation.

The Ivry togetherness banquet that Thorez addressed provided almost a textbook illustration of these tactics—at least on the plane of what may be termed open conspiracy. While it was subversive in the sense that its ultimate aim was undoubtedly to contribute to undermining the loyalty of the French Army—long a high-priority objective for the French Communist Party—not one overtly subversive word was spoken by any participant. There were no incitements to overthrow the government by force, none of the old Marxist clichés about the inevitability of revolution, the need for intensifying the class struggle, or wiping out the evils of capitalism. Communist propaganda today rarely stresses old-fashioned treason. The permanent peace offensive—and in the Third World the anticolonialist or national-liberation theme—largely obviate the need for such a crude approach.

A Refinement of Lying

There is general agreement among intelligence experts that the stress on the peace theme in Soviet political warfare and the current tendency of Communist propagandists to soft-pedal the cruder forms of revolutionary agitation (at least in the western countries) in no way reflect a genuine softening of the Soviet attitude toward the free societies. Not much importance is ascribed to the split between Moscow and Peking, or the difficulties of Soviet agriculture, or the deep changes that may actually be taking place in Soviet society. In fact there is a strong suspicion that many of the alluring reports on such developments and the policy conclusions naïvely drawn from them in the West are an evi-

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dence of the new, refined techniques of indirect penetration.

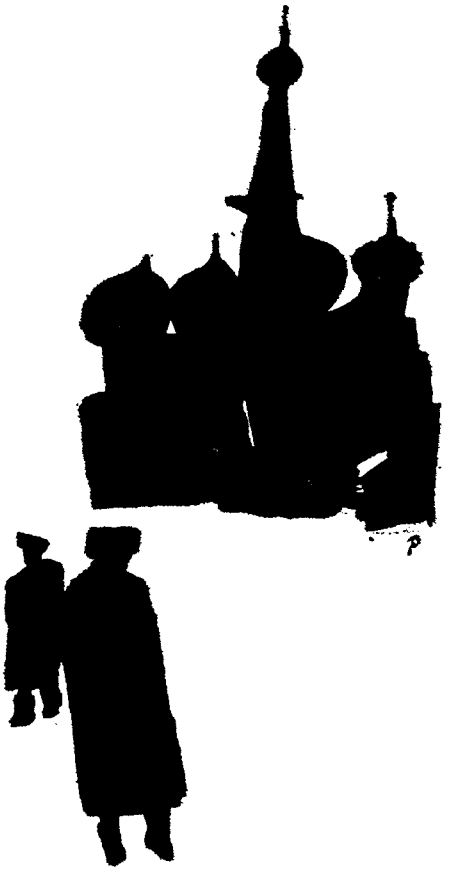
The very scale, along with the continued viciousness and the increasing deviousness of Communist propaganda, demonstrates the fundamentally aggressive intent underlying the Soviet peace offensive. Communist broadcasting activity intended to weaken and confuse the non-Communist world reached a new peak last year. According to an official study prepared by the U.S. Information Agency, Communist-bloc broadcasts increased greatly in Latin America and almost doubled in Africa, without falling off elsewhere. "We have evidence," an authorized USIA spokesman told me, "that in Uruguay, for example, the Communist bloc spends several times more money on postage to mail their magazines, pamphlets, etc., than the USIA spends on its entire country program."

Camouflaged or unattributed radio campaigns against friends or allies of the United States in various parts of the world illustrate the incendiary nature of the clandestine programs to which the USIA report refers. "Liberal students!" exhorted a recent Persian-language broadcast beamed from Soviet territory to Iran, "The opening of the university will create for us a chance to unite our forces against the shah and his despotic rule. We must cut the throats of these traitors!"

Similar incitements to murder, insurrection, and treason are broadcast by "black" Soviet transmitters to Greece and Turkey at times, and some of the overt programs are only slightly more restrained in their efforts to promote strife between groups and peoples: e.g., a recent Arabic broadcast from East Berlin declaring that "The German Democratic Republic regards Israel as a base and a tool for use by the imperialists against the Arab countries."

The same divisive shafts of Communist propaganda, though sometimes more cunningly disguised, are constantly aimed against the western alliance as well. "Moscow continued during 1961 to try to weaken the will of the people in the West to band together against Communism," the USIA report notes. "To do this, it warned of the political and economic liabilities inherent in the western pacts, and it was not reluctant to use occasional nuclear threats to make its point. It also tried to separate the U.S. from its key allies in repeated propaganda sallies, just as it tried to drive separate wedges into the western alliance whenever it was feasible by playing off the U.K. and France against the U.S. or the U.S. and Germany against the rest of Europe."

"IN MY VIEW, the big change in Soviet strategy took place in 1955," I was told by a senior U.S.



Foreign Service officer concerned with NATO. "In that year Khrushchev finally realized the Soviet Union would have to give up the hope of some day conquering the West by arms because such a program would inevitably lead to a nuclear war in which both East and West would be destroyed. But he did not give up the goal of world power. He merely decided to attain it by other means. The means include diplomacy, propaganda, and other forms of psychological warfare, economic pressures, mass subversion, and above all the support of what he calls 'just wars of national liberation' in the underveloped countries. All these forms of attack and several others are being beautifully meshed and integrated so that they support each other. Since Khrushchev made his decision, both the scale and the technical quality of Communist political warfare have been steadily rising. The Communist offensive is more dangerous today than it ever has been because it is being pushed harder and more intelligently than ever before."

A somewhat similar opinion was expressed not long ago by Desmond Donnelly, a British Labour M.P. and a long-time student of political warfare. "[The] concept of political liberty," Mr. Donnelly wrote in the monthly *Nato Letter* of April, 1961, "now faces an attack in which the emphasis is not on the brash, sometimes stupid frontal approach of Stalin or Hitler. It is the more subtle because it comes from within . . ."

The New Fronts

All eastern experts agree that in the last year or two Communist political warfare has become increasingly sophisticated, subtle, and imaginative. "There is no trick of the trade that is not known to the Communist propagandist," Edward R. Murrow, the head of the U.S. Information Agency, acknowledged recently. Many of the newest tricks seem to be in the areas of semi-covert or "gray" propaganda and in the penetration or manipulation of non-Communist groups. The stress is above all on new forms of camouflage. Hitherto little-known "transmission belts" of Communist propaganda are taking over an increased share of the burden from some of the notorious individuals and groups who have played this role in the past but who have been so compromised that their effectiveness is much diminished. Completely new ad hoc organizations of various types are replacing for many purposes the well-known old "front" outfits. The major international fronts such as the World Peace Council, the World Federation of Trade Unions, the World Federation of Democratic Youth, and the International Democratic Women's Organization are still functioning, but an effort is being made to make them look more independent and respectable while

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still remaining largely responsive to Communist control.

According to one of the specialists on the civilian staff at NATO headquarters here, several members of the alliance have reported greatly increased covert Communist efforts to infiltrate and control non-Communist organizations. This was most eminently the case in the recent British report on the subject.

IN AN INSTANCE that has come to light in Paris recently, Communist undercover operators appear to have succeeded in exploiting the fear of German rearmament that is still keen among many French intellectuals to manipulate for their purposes a seemingly respectable local organization. The organization, which calls itself *Les Echanges Franco-Allemandes*, is headed by Professor Henri Laugier, one-time assistant-secretary-general of the U.N., and most of its leading members are reputable French intellectuals, though one of them, Professor Jacques Denis, is known as the French Communist Party's authority on German affairs. Last November the body organized a two-day seminar here that attracted a number of well-known and sometimes conservative public figures, along with the usual turnout of notorious fellow-travellers and drawing-room Communists. Many of the speeches, including one or two delivered by right-of-center political leaders supposed to be supporters of General de Gaulle, parroted familiar themes of Communist propaganda for a solution of the Berlin problem. More recently the organization dispatched a delegation headed by Professor Denis to East Berlin to attend the launching of a new friendship society under the official sponsorship of the East German government—which France does not recognize. As explained in the Communist organ *l'Humanité* by Professor Denis, the immediate aim of the friendship society is "to explain to French public opinion that the German Peoples' Republic is the first German state in history to break categorically with the fatal German past, and to respect and uphold the legitimate demands of the French nation for security against any attack." The friendship society has now opened an office in Paris which serves as an unofficial front for the East German propaganda ministry.

At Bryn Mawr

A somewhat similar—but seemingly less successful—attempt to penetrate peace organizations in the United States and tie them to the Communist-controlled international peace front was made by a Soviet political-warfare agent attached to an otherwise unobjectionable delegation of Soviet women who visited America last November. The delegation consisted of nine Soviet women attending an informal seminar organized at Bryn Mawr college by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, a militantly pacifist non-Communist organization of U.S. social workers and social scientists founded by Jane Addams. The Soviet party was nominally headed by Mme. Yekaterina Kolcheneva but its real leader was a strong-faced, intelligent-looking woman in her early fifties named Olga Chechetkina. A journalist on the staff of *Pravda*, Mme. Chechetkina—according to an authoritative government source in Washington—is also known as an agitprop specialist.

As early as 1940, Mme. Chechetkina held a post of major responsibility in the international Communist youth organization—a particularly vital link in the worldwide chain of subversion. In 1953, her articles in *Pravda* contributed to popular excitement about the famous "plot" of the Jewish doctors; in her own words she "helped to tear the mask from the American hirelings and monsters who used the white coat of doctors to kill." The previous June she had managed to get herself expelled from Italy—no easy feat for a foreign correspondent—because of what the Italian Government termed her "defamatory, poisonous, and untruthful reports." In 1954, as *Pravda* correspondent in Indonesia, she worked up a lurid series of poison-pen dispatches accusing the United States of plotting the assassination of President Sukarno. In a way, her appointment on the delegation to the United States was a tribute to the standing of the Bryn Mawr ladies, and so was the unusual pressure the Soviet government exerted on Washington to have the State Department override the objections of our embassy in Moscow to giving her a visa.

Under Mme. Chechetkina's authoritative guidance, the Soviet delegation tried to persuade the American women to accept an organizational link with the Soviet peace group to which they belonged, thereby becoming part of the Communist international peace front. An attempt was also made to pass a joint resolution expressing concern about West German "militarism." Enough politically sophisticated American women attended the seminar to spot these classic ploys and and block them, and the Soviet women accepted the setback with more or less good grace. In the end the Soviet delegation scored a much less important propaganda point by arranging to have the fairly innocuous joint resolution of the two groups released at a press conference in the Soviet Embassy in Washington. To date the only certain conclusion that can be drawn from the affair is that it demonstrates the extraordinary importance that Communist political warfare attaches to any possibility of infiltrating or influencing the peace movement in America.

Be Kind to Nikita

Nothing illustrates better both the deviousness and the adroitness of Communist political warfare than its black or indirect propaganda campaigns to disarm the vigilance of the western nations. Aided by a good deal of wishful thinking on the part of pundits and politicians this side of the Iron Curtain, the Soviet bloc political-warfare apparatus keeps injecting a steady stream of soporific propaganda, more or less disguised as news, into the main channels of western information. Much of the time this propaganda is disseminated in good faith by western journalists—more often than not with the blessing of equally gullible officials. A particularly interesting example of a recurrent theme of Soviet propaganda cropping up as diplomatic "news" from Moscow appeared in a recent dispatch sent out to its clients by *Agence France Presse*, a French news agency of international repute. On March 12, the Moscow bureau of AFP sent a dispatch (printed the following day in the Paris *Figaro*) based on the opinion of unidentified ob-

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servers in the Soviet capital to the effect that the Soviet farm problem and various other internal difficulties might be influencing the Soviet leaders to seek a relaxation of East-West tensions. While admitting that Khrushchev had publicly manifested his decision to continue giving guns priority over butter, the dispatch said that he had no illusions about the domestic problems this policy would create if kept in force too long.

"Hence," the AFP message concluded, "we are entitled to ask ourselves whether the Soviet Union does not have even more imperious reasons than the West to wish for disarmament. And perhaps at this moment we are witnessing a deep evolution in M. Khrushchev's thinking in accordance with which peaceful coexistence is being transformed from the ideal strategy for achieving victory without war that it seemed a year ago into an ineluctable necessity for the U.S.S.R. itself."

The only interesting thing about this little think-piece is its dateline. Most recent reports about the beneficent impact on Soviet foreign policy of the Sino-Soviet camp's internal difficulties have originated abroad in non-Communist circles. Some western intelligence experts believe that the difficulties, while real enough, are being deliberately played up by Soviet political warfare to mislead the West as to Khrushchev's real objectives. The AFP report had the distinction of coming straight from Moscow.

IN CERTAIN respects the AFP telegram recalls the spate of articles in the western press over the last three years suggesting that we should do business with Khrushchev rather than risk—in the words of Harrison E. Salisbury (the New York *Times*, April 3, 1959)—"the peril of a return to the harsh era of Stalin, backed this time by an intransigent Communist China and a notable nuclear armory." It has now been established that Khrushchev himself last year gave encouragement to the argument that if the West is unkind to him it will bring the Stalinists back to power. In a message to President Tito of Yugoslavia during the congress of unaligned nations in Belgrade last summer, Khrushchev claimed to be under heavy pressure from the Stalinist "anti-party" opposition at home and implicitly asked for patience and understanding on the part of the outside world—particularly in respect to the renewal of Soviet nuclear tests which he hinted was being forced on him against his will. Tito—whose closeness to the Kremlin line has been celebrated during Gromyko's visit to Belgrade—obligingly transmitted Khrushchev's plea to western diplomats in Belgrade, and was kind enough to communicate the substance of it as unattributable but usable "background" to the foreign correspondents there. Irrespective of the degree of accuracy there may be in this notion, the manner in which

it keeps popping up should suffice to induce a good deal of skepticism. For instance, according to a dispatch from Washington in the London *Times*, a number of people in our capital thought that the deadlock at the Geneva conference could not really be blamed on Khrushchev since he is no longer a "free agent": he has become, so it seems, the puppet of Walter Ulbricht, who cannot be dropped until the Sino-Soviet crisis is resolved.

THE MECHANISMS by which such campaigns are launched and sustained in the non-Communist press are rather well known to western intelligence specialists. The directive indicating the theme to be stressed stems from some overall and long-range Communist campaign, like the peace offensive or the struggle against colonialism. The directive is then sent by diplomatic pouch or by code to all the Soviet and Satellite diplomatic missions in the target area. In many cases it is simultaneously transmitted by the secret police (KGB) through its own channels to its stations abroad. Depending upon how "black" or tricky the directive is, the theme will be disseminated by word of mouth through the normal press-attaché and diplomatic-cocktail-set channels, or its implementation will be turned over to a "black" specialist on the staff, who may or may not be the press attaché.

Alexander Kosnacheyev, a former attaché of the Soviet embassy in Rangoon who came over to the West in 1959 has explained that he used to get quite satisfactory results by simply writing an article that embodied the desired slant and sending it to friends on the staffs of local papers who then adapted it to the style of their respective publications. Such services were sometimes paid for, sometimes voluntary.

According to United States and NATO intelligence specialists, the Soviet and the affiliated Satellite secret services are closely synchronized under the machinery of the Warsaw pact—and have a common code. In Paris alone, according to *Le Monde*, it is estimated that there are at least one hundred principal operatives of the Soviet-bloc secret services, mostly under diplomatic or para-diplomatic cover. Each operative has his own network of locally recruited under-cover agents, along with his circle of "honorary correspondents" (French police jargon for unpaid informants or auxilliaries).

The Gavin 'Report'

One aspect of Communist political warfare that illustrates the role of the KGB and of its sister services is the systematic poisoning of inter-Allied relations by means of forgeries and false or distorted information planted both in public media and in the intelligence channels of the Atlantic Alliance. Testifying last summer before the U.S. Senate's subcommittee on investigation of the administration of the internal-security laws, Richard Helms, at that time assistant director of the Central Intelligence Agency, gave the following pithy resumé of this form of Communist political warfare:

"The campaign of subversion which the Communists wage persistently against the free world extends to its news outlets. Their purpose is

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not to find news but to pervert it. . . . Because their own controlled outlets are suspect in the West, they often press the war of words through free world publications that have no evident connection with the U.S.S.R., international or national communism, or even with its multiple fronts . . . . Through hidden financial subsidies and other methods the bloc gains sufficient influence to assure the publication of false stories about western conspiracies, atrocities and military aggressions . . . .

"Inventing reports for insertion into western intelligence channels—reports designed to influence the policies of free world governments—is another minor bloc industry . . . .

"The pre-fabricated reports slipped into foreign intelligence channels are labeled as secret information about American or other western plans or policies hostile to the government of the recipient service. Some of the planned reports are designed to make the receiver distrust and fear friendly or neighboring countries."

ONE particularly vicious example of Communist inspired propaganda aimed at splitting the western alliance turned up last Spring, according to Mr. Helms, in an article of the well-known French political columnist, Mme. Geneviève Tabouis. (How it reached her was not explained.)

"In the middle of April [1961]," Mr. Helms told the senators, "Madame Tabouis planted on a Parisian newspaper two articles which alleged that Ambassador Gavin, in Paris, had reported to President Kennedy his proposals for the policy of the new administration toward the so-called European sector. The Tabouis articles also alleged that the report recommended that NATO be 'downgraded to a simple means for technical liaison.' Next, the report—which of course never existed—was alleged to have recommended that the United States undertake direct bilateral negotiations with European countries for new, conventional military arrangements. The fourth prong of the lie had the ambassador urging the President to withhold strategic nuclear protection from Western Europe and to negotiate with the Soviet for the 'retirement of all strategic U. S. bases.' "

Though, as Mr. Helms testified, the Gavin report never existed, the last "prong" of it was sufficiently like the actual policy noisily advocated by some Washington circles reputed to be close to the administration to seem plausible to many European readers. That is what made it effective propaganda.

What seems on the face of it to be a more subtle example of questionable trends in current American policy being exploited to divide us from our allies cropped up last November in *Combat*, a Paris daily which usually expresses the viewpoint of French ultra-nationalists but which has proved hospitable to certain types of pro-Soviet propaganda. (There has been intermittent collusion between the Communists and certain right-wing French nationalists since the successful campaign to scuttle the European Defense Community in 1954. The anti-EDC drive was spearheaded by a covert action group financed in part by the Soviet Embassy and jointly directed by two newspapermen, one the editor of a fellow-travelling weekly, the other the publisher of a right-wing newsletter subsidized by a section of French heavy industry. The methods employed by the group included one that Birchites and other amateur witch hunters in the United States would surely admire: attempts to frame pro-EDC French Government officials by making it appear that they had Communist sympathies.)

The article in *Combat* last November attributed to President Kennedy the belief that the two Germanies will eventually draw together "if given a chance to talk to each other." Even more astonishing was a clairvoyant paragraph revealing the administration's intimate feelings about Chancellor Adenauer on the eve of his impending visit to the United States. Alluding to the President's alleged belief that economic interests are more durable than political alliances, the *Combat* article said, "That is why Washington was not displeased to see the defeat of Chancellor Adenauer [in the German elections]. A year ago the American capital would have been wringing its hands."

Early in March *Combat* published a series of articles on East Germany by a staff writer named George Andersen, whose enthusiasm for the woebegone puppet state behind the Berlin wall is unusual even among fellow travelers. Reporting on the "success" of the Leipzig trade fair, despite a NATO recommendation to boycott it, Andersen managed to dig up an alleged British businessman, a Mr. Sternberg, who said to him, "We want the Federal Republic of Germany to know that if normal exchanges with Pankow really seem as impossible as the experts in Bonn claim, we British businessmen will undertake to take the place of West German business and fill all the orders offered by the German People's Republic."

Besides interviewing various Communist officials, including Walter Ulbricht—who assured him that the GPR's only ambition was to contribute to world peace—Andersen noted that he found everywhere in the GPR a strong desire for a "compromise" solution of the Berlin question based, among other things, on a U.N. guarantee for West Berlin and for completely free access to the city, provided all traffic, including air traffic, between West Berlin and West Germany, were checked by the East German security services. The proposed "compromise" "merited reflection," Andersen thought. (This was basically the "compromise" Gromyko later presented in Geneva.)

"By way of conclusion," Andersen reported, "my hosts thought that the proposed solution for the Berlin crisis would contribute to an international thaw, would close a chapter in the cold war, and would constitute a decisive proof of the efficacy of peaceful coexistence."

ON THIS LAST point, at least, the suggestible French correspondent was probably not misled.

"The policy of peaceful coexistence," Khrushchev himself has said, "promotes the growth of the forces of progress . . . In the capitalist countries it facilitates the work of the Communist parties and the other progressive organizations of the working class, makes it easier for the peoples to combat the aggressive war blocs and foreign military bases, and contributes to the success of the national-liberation movement."

In other words, peaceful coexistence may not be so peaceful after all.

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Behind the Stories About Khrushchev's Opposition

JERRY F. HOUGH

By now the pattern is quite familiar. As it has in the past and will almost certainly do again, the American press not long ago proclaimed the victory of Nikita Khrushchev over his enemies in the Kremlin. If these reports were accurate, the "Stalinists" had been disturbed by the denunciation of Stalin and by the break with Albania, and they tried to force Khrushchev to reverse his policies in these realms. In fact, they apparently were so close to victory that they almost had Molotov on the train to Vienna, but once again victory eluded them.

In the spring of 1960, we were told that the Stalinists were strong enough to force the cancellation of the Paris summit conference, but by the time of Mr. Kennedy's accession to the Presidency their position had weakened and Khrushchev was able to go to Vienna to confer with him. Three months later this reactionary group had regained enough strength to force through the decision to explode the fifty-megaton bomb. Yet in another two months the power of Khrushchev's opponents had ebbed once more, and they could not even prevent the denunciation of Molotov as a murderer and the removal of Stalin's body from the mausoleum.

Or at any rate this is what a reader of American newspapers might conclude. But if we look at the whole series of incidents, the pattern begins to seem a little suspicious. There is just too much similarity in all these changes, and they occur too rapidly. Given the clauses in the party rules designed to preserve party unity, surely one faction should have succeeded in achieving a solid victory by this time.

The situation becomes even more suspicious if we consider the supposed structure of power at the top of the Soviet hierarchy. Specifically, where is this opposition to Khrushchev located and what are the sources of its strength? Take the Molotov mystery, for example. His supporters, if they have importance, must be located on the central committee, the presidium, and the secretariat. But all of these committees were elected at the Twenty-second Party Congress last October—a body that spent an inordinate amount of time condemning Molotov and his supporters as murderers.

If Khrushchev was in sufficient control to force through the condemnation of the Stalinists, certainly he must have been able to secure at least a fairly substantial majority on the ruling committees selected at that time. It could be argued that his majority disintegrated, but two months is a short time for such a change. And could it have disintegrated to the point that a majority could now seriously consider such a humiliating step as forcing Khrushchev to return Molotov to Vienna as Soviet representative to the International Atomic Energy Agency? Even if this were possible, would Khrushchev then take off for the Ukraine and Byelorussia in the middle of this death struggle? Merely in order to propagandize a new method of crop rotation? Hardly.

The Hand that Feeds Them

I would suggest that far from being a helpless chairman of the board who registers the shifting balance between Kremlin "liberals" and "conservatives," Khrushchev is a powerful dictator following a complicated but not inconsistent policy.

At the Twenty-second Congress he was given personal credit for everything from the improvement of light industry to the recent reorganization of science. Marshal Malinovsky called him "our supreme commander in chief," while the novelist Mikhail A. Sholokhov stated that he was the "main creator of the party program." Even Andrei Gromyko became lyrical: "I never met an opponent of war abroad who did not speak these three words with a gleam in his eyes —Moscow, Lenin, Khrushchev."

Toward the end of the congress, Khrushchev complained that speakers "are putting special emphasis on my personality and are stressing my role in pushing through the most important party and state measures." His modest disclaimers had little effect. The next day, party officials were referring to him as "an outstanding Marxist-Leninist, a flaming fighter for the happiness of the people," and they were praising his contributions to the development of agriculture in the Rostov region, to the development of the coal industry, and just about anything they could think of.

The hypothesis of one-man rule is further strengthened by an examination of the structure and dynamics of the Soviet political system. In the

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first place, as many western observers have pointed out, the Soviet system seems to require a dictator. In the words of Bertram D. Wolfe, "the whole dynamics of dictatorship cries out for a dictator . . . militarized command and militarized life for a supreme commander, infallible government for an infallible leader . . ."

A more concrete factor contributing to one-man rule is the inherent weakness of the institutions that are supposed to limit and control the leader's power. The party presidium (formerly called the politburo) has been given the task of deciding policy questions between sessions of the central committee, and it is often considered in the West to be the real center of power in the Soviet Union. The party rules clearly state, however, that the secretariat, including the first secretary, is responsible not to the presidium but only to the central committee itself. Indeed, it was Khrushchev's ability to enforce this point that enabled him to defeat the so-called anti-party group.

THE QUESTION then becomes: does the central committee have sufficient power to control the secretariat? No one can answer with certainty, but there are several excellent reasons to doubt the effectiveness of the central committee in this respect.

There is one relevant fact which seems to be of critical importance: the individual members of the central committee have no base of power independent of the top leadership. Except for a few workers and collective farmers, persons are named to the 175-man central committee because they hold a high post in the government or the party apparatus. If a member retires or is demoted from his post, he is almost invariably dropped from the central committee at the next party congress. The rates of turnover in both the governmental and party hierarchies are sufficiently high to insure a regular "renewal" (the Soviet expression) of the central committee. Thus thirty-eight per cent of the voting members of the central committee were replaced in 1956 and fifty per cent in 1961.

This rate of turnover does not by itself indicate any impotence of the central committee. If the various personnel changes were instigated from below, a high rate of turnover might well indicate an extremely strong central committee. In reality, however, the middle-level party and state officials who provide the bulk of the central committee membership are either appointed or "recommended" from above. And, according to the party rules, the secretariat has special responsibility for selection of personnel.

If each member can be removed from the job that entitled him to a seat on the central committee, is it possible for him to be a free agent who can challenge the policies, let

alone the position of those above him? In the United States there are many cases where the members of a "ruling" committee owe their jobs to their executive "agent." Whether it be a city party boss "subordinated" to the city committee or a corporation president "subordinated" to a board of directors composed of lower officials in the corporation, the results are invariably the same. Why should the situation in the U.S.S.R. be different? Indeed, the leader in the Soviet Union surely must be in a stronger position vis-a-vis his "ruling" committee than his American counterparts.

Any attempt to organize opposition to the leader and his policy runs up against one of the most sacred precepts of the party—the need to guard party unity. The party rules firmly state, "Any manifestation of factionalism or cliquishness . . . is incompatible with continued membership in the party."

Of course when a dictator dies, a fluid situation results; until one man has succeeded in building his support in the central committee, collective leadership is possible. But given the high rates of turnover—and frequent changes are now required by the new party rules—this fluid situation simply cannot last long. Only the most complex and delicate division of the appointment power among members of the ruling group could preserve collective leadership. In theory this would be difficult to work out, and in practice there is no evidence that it has been seriously attempted. Even if it is tried, it breaks down if one man manages in any way to secure a dependable half of the votes in the central committee, for then the rule against factionalism can be applied. The Trotskys, the Bukharins, the Malenkovs, the Molotovs soon find themselves expelled from the top party leadership.

Crazy Like a Fox

How then can we explain the anomalies, the policy changes, the indecisiveness that the Soviet leadership sometimes seems to manifest?

First, I would suggest, we should always remember that any government is run by human beings who make mistakes and change their opinions. Harrison Salisbury of the New York *Times,* who was in the Soviet Union at the time of the Molotov flurry, asserts flatly that the whole uproar about Molotov's supposed return to Vienna resulted solely from the mistake of a lower official in the ministry of foreign affairs. This is wholly plausible. Any government that permitted the gross inconsistencies that appeared in the press about the timetable of Gagarin's space flight and how he landed, simply does not, despite our fears, invariably operate with machine-like efficiency.

More important, we should always remember that Khrushchev must cope with many serious dilemmas, even if his personal power is unchallengeable. In internal affairs he has tried to follow a policy of curbing police terror and of reducing restraints on the population while still preserving all the essentials of one-party rule. In foreign affairs he finds that he must remain ideologi-

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cally "sound" in order to retain leadership of the foreign Communist movement and in order to legitimize the role of the Russian Communist Party as the single arbiter of all truth. At the same time, he must not push the United States so far that nuclear war becomes inevitable.

In trying to achieve a balance between these different goals, Khrushchev must repeatedly face situations in which one goal must be given precedence, at least temporarily, over another. If we consider Khrushchev's problems in this light, many inconsistencies or apparent changes in policy become quite understandable without reference to some unseen and improbable struggle for power within the Kremlin. If a man is trying to achieve a balance between goals that may come into conflict, he obviously cannot follow each one of them through to its ultimate conclusion. Like an automobile driver who must make constant corrections in steering in order to keep the car on a straight line, Khrushchev must constantly adjust policy so that the desired delicate balance is maintained.

SUCH AN ANALYSIS does not preclude the possibility that there are lively debates at the top of the political hierarchy concerning the proper course of action. Even the most powerful dictator will—or at least should—want to hear opposing points of views; otherwise, he is far too likely to become the prisoner of his closest lieutenants or of his own earlier-announced policies. But a discussion of alternatives need not imply any challenge to the position of the ultimate decision maker, nor need it imply that he can be forced to follow any policy that a temporary majority of his lieutenants support.

To look at Khrushchev's position and policy in this manner has many advantages. It suggests that we have concentrated too intently upon minor changes of emphasis in policy and that we have searched all too diligently and hopefully for devils who might be causing them. In contrast, we ought to focus our attention upon the more basic mechanics of power in the Soviet political system and upon the more enduring goals and dilemmas of Soviet policy.

AT HOME & ABROAD

What's Happening To the Democratic Party?

DOUGLASS CATER

RATHER PERSISTENT rumors of party infidelity followed Senate Minority Leader Dirksen's melodramatic rush to the support of President Kennedy during the fight over the United Nations bond issue. ("I am always willing to trust the President . . .") Certainly Dirksen, who is up for re-election this fall, is not above making a deal when it suits his purpose. But according to stories in a number of newspapers, those in the White House might be similarly disposed. The New York *Times* indicated that Dirksen's act had "prompted soul-searching by President Kennedy's political advisers. The recurring question: Would the Illinois Republican's defeat for re-election next November be a blessing or a blow to the administration?" John Dreiske's column in the Chicago *Sun-Times* was more emphatic. "Cynical Democratic and Republican analysts of this particular situation consider that a Republican Senator with Dirksen's seniority and influence is worth considerably more to the Democratic President than a freshman Democratic member."

For Representative Sidney Yates, the able Democrat who is challenging Dirksen, the question is of more than passing interest. Not merely *pro forma* support but the degree of the President's enthusiasm may provide the crucial margin in a close race. Soon after the newspaper speculation, Yates felt an urgent need to call at the White House and assure the President that he was confident of beating Dirksen. But the President, Yates told reporters afterward, was not yet ready to announce his own campaign plans.

So far at least, Mr. Kennedy has been rather cagey about how he intends to carry out his role as party leader. During the winter, he journeyed to deliver ringing endorsements at testimonial dinners for three of this fall's candidates—Senators Warren Magnuson, Carl Hayden, and George Smathers—all deeply intrenched party hierarchs who stood in no particular need of his endorsement. For his old friend Smathers, Mr. Kennedy consigned his Democratic opponent in the primary to oblivion by not even remembering his name. But on other party contests he has been more reserved. When Mayor Robert Wagner challenged the New York City bosses last summer, the White House made known it was maintaining an attitude of "strict neutrality." Only after careful soundings of the New Jersey

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situation did Mr. Kennedy support gubernatorial candidate Richard Hughes. The President's prestige, his associates argue, is not to be squandered.

Yates has had additional cause for anxiety as he awaits the President's plans. He was scheduled to be honored recently at a small cocktail party of wealthy New York Democrats—a fairly routine ritual by which worthy candidates from various parts of the country tap the central vein of the party's wealth. Suddenly, word reached the cocktail party organizers that Richard Maguire, a Kennedy aide of long standing who has recently been named acting treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, felt they should call it off. The time and money might better be directed to the mammoth birthday party celebration being staged for the President in Madison Square Garden on May 19.

The Party Coffers

Later, in response to queries, there were stout denials that the party treasurer's actions had anything to do with Yates's merits as a candidate. Maguire, a genial Irish lawyer from Boston, pointed out that proceeds from the President's birthday party, after the New York organization gets its fifty per cent, will be allocated among the party's various needs; Yates undoubtedly will get a share. Kenneth O'Donnell, the President's appointment secretary, put his finger on what could be an important aspect of the business of fund raising. Why, he demanded, should Democratic candidates be beholden to individuals and interest groups capable of giving large amounts? It would be better to make the National Committee the chief dispenser of campaign funds.

If seriously pursued, O'Donnell's argument, which has been echoed by others in the administration including Attorney General Robert Kennedy, could have far-ranging effects. Control of the purse strings—and of a purse large enough to help meet the high cost of campaigns—would be a first giant step toward building a national party that is more than what has been described as a free confederation of feuding factions.

There have been other small omens. The selection of Maguire to take over as party treasurer from Matthew McCloskey, who is scheduled to become ambassador to Ireland, marks a departure from the traditional practice of entrusting the party's coffers to the custodianship of a millionaire. Maguire is a man of modest means who has devoted his years to promoting Mr. Kennedy's political fortunes, and though he expects to draw on a committee of wealthy Democrats for advice and succor, he also has ideas about broadening the base of party finances.

The President's birthday party in New York also augurs a shift from the traditional $100-a-plate dinners at which party faithful and favor seekers are plied with dreary food and interminable speeches. Maguire sees no reason why the caterers should get such a large share of the kitty. At Madison Square Garden there will be offered instead a "feast" of gala attractions, including Broadway and Hollywood celebrities, who are always eager to perform for a President, particularly the latest one. Speechmaking is to be played down, except, of course, Mr. Kennedy's. As a step in base broadening, tickets will range from $10 to $1,000.

So far, it seems to be a pretty good vintage year for the Democrats. The President's rating moves along at unprecedented heights. A recent Gallup poll has also offered considerable comfort to party members in Congress, showing a sixty-one per cent preference for Democrats, or six points over their electoral achievement in 1960. Some Democratic pros actually believe they can increase their majorities in Congress—a phenomenon that has taken place in mid-term elections only once in the past sixty years (in 1934). Others, including Mr. Kennedy's legislative assistant, Lawrence O'Brien, are less sanguine about bucking the historic odds. O'Brien claims he will be satisfied if the ratio in Congress stays just about where it is now.

Undoubtedly, any increase of Democrats will provide at least short-run advantages for the President. But it remains to be seen whether the campaign results in a substantial strengthening of the party itself, or whether, in the traditional pattern, it grows gradually more disintegrated the longer it holds power.

The national committee has already experienced a withering of sorts. Its advisory council, hailed as a significant new policy organ when it was established in 1956, was unceremoniously disbanded soon after the election. No one dissented from the argument that the new President could not afford a competing brain trust in his own party. Few recalled that the first proposals for the council could be traced to the latter years of the Truman administration, when the harrassed President desperately needed advisers to compete with the ones in Congress.

Other brave new schemes for building up the national committee as a mechanism of national leadership have not gone far. Recruitment of "sustaining" party members who pay a minimum $10 a year directly to the national headquarters continues. But this is still a drop in the bucket—nowhere near the ambitious goal of a sustaining member from each of the nation's 186,000 precincts—which would bring in enough to pay for a permanent party staff capable of giving assistance to candidates. As it is now, much of the staff's time is devoted to raising money to pay for the staff.

'Do Not Offend'

There is concern in some quarters about the rather loose fashion in which campaign funds are collected and dispersed. The campaign committees in Congress have always maintained jealous autonomy from the national committee. Besides tending to favor incumbent Democrats, they serve as inviting pressure points for the lobbyists. As a current case in point, the treasurer of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, Keith Linden, also happens to be vice-president and Washington representative of the Harvey Aluminum Company. Harvey Aluminum, it now turns out, was beneficiary in 1955 of a $130-million government contract to build up an aluminum stockpile already far larger than the estimated strategic need. As the Symington committee probe into aluminum draws near, the Senate Campaign Committee has somewhat embarrassedly accepted Linden's resignation.

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In the main, the way the party works at the top has been much in the Kennedy style. It is a curious blend of teamwork and laissez-faire. In 1960, Mr. Kennedy went to the Los Angeles Convention with a force larger and more disciplined than any in history. But unlike Kefauver's in 1956, it was not a revolution against the bosses. Kennedy aides had received standing instructions regarding the existing party establishment: "Do *not* offend. We'll need everyone afterward." Once Mr. Kennedy was nominated, the spirit of live and let live was extended to even the most recalcitrant.

SINCE THEN, there have been remarkably few shakeups in state and county organizations. In West Virginia, Robert McDonough, an enthusiastic supporter who was largely responsible for drawing Mr. Kennedy into the primary there, took over as state chairman in a negotiated *entente* with Governor William Barron. The party organizations in several small cities of upstate New York have been encouraged to drop corrupt leaders. Beyond that, nobody can point to significant changes.

The changes at the national committee headquarters, though more definitive, have also been rather formless. During the campaign, Senator Henry Jackson served as party chairman, but the real GHQ centered on Robert Kennedy and the tightly knit little band of Irishmen accustomed to working with one another and the frenetic pace set by the candidate.

Jackson's successor, John Bailey, a highly successful Democratic boss in Connecticut, was already reconciled to his slightly detached role in the Kennedy ménage. The first and for a long time the only party pro to declare for Kennedy, he was supposed to be a campaign director at Los Angeles. He had no title, however, and what he was directing never became clear.

Bailey, though a hard worker, has been content to maintain a low-key form of leadership. He claims a sense of fulfillment at having attained the summit for the professional politician. Mindful of the jealousies that wracked the career of Chairman Paul Butler during the Stevenson years, he shows little concern for personal rewards. Under him, the committee has become a loose assemblage of high titled and freewheeling functionaries.

Bailey's critics contend that he has not been a very effective leader for the party's organization men. One state chairman claims that he has had to bypass the national chairman whenever he wants to get anything accomplished in Washington.

Perhaps as a hedge against an uncertain future, Bailey accepts no pay and continues to hold his party chairmanship in Connecticut where his reign is absolute.

Others ouside the formal structure play important roles. Many assumed that Robert Kennedy would continue to operate as *de facto* boss of party operations even after moving into the Justice Department. But ever since the Cuban fiasco, he has been caught up in too many diverse activities to provide systematic oversight of party matters. His confidential assistant, John Seigenthaler, maintained a loose liaison with Bailey and was supposed to move over to the committee this spring on a full-time basis. But in March, the offer of the editorship of the Nashville *Tennessean* lured Seigenthaler away from Washington.

Curiously, the Attorney General has not been as fiercely partisan as many anticipated. He has staffed his own department with highly able and fairly apolitical assistant attorneys general. His new deputy, Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, spent the 1960 campaign on a Ford fellowship in Geneva. The head of the Criminal Division—a job with high political potential—is a registered Republican, Herbert John Miller, Jr. In his handling of judgeships the Attorney General has shown a high predilection for Democrats. But according to insiders, the Attorney General, like his brother, has been comparatively passive about pushing patronage elsewhere in the government.

Lawrence O'Brien, the President's legislative aide, provides another locus of party power. A veteran Kennedy clansman, O'Brien displayed real genius in the organizational work of the campaign. More recently, he has been caught up in frantic tactical maneuverings with an unruly Congress. Catering to the pride and privileges of Democrats on the Hill has left little time for longer-range party matters. In the opinion of some critics, he has been overly energetic in taking account of the patronage claims of Congressmen without getting a *quid pro quo* of support for the Kennedy program.

The Man to Watch

Precisely because he is the keeper of the President's door and in a position to arbitrate intraparty disputes, Kenneth O'Donnell also serves as a center of power. Although he has worked for many years with O'Brien, he is in many ways exactly the opposite. O'Brien is broad, bluff, and genial. O'Donnell is trim, taciturn, and not given to the backslapping ways of politics. According to those who know him best, however, he is political to the bone. A man of few words who thinks just as succinctly, he is said to provide the President unerring judgment on his personal stakes in matters ranging from making a campaign commitment to telephoning Colonel John Glenn in orbit (the call was placed, then canceled after O'Donnell reportedly pointed out the repercussions should Glenn not make a successful re-entry).

A colleague has said that O'Donnell is "the most moral man in the White House," having "keen sensitivity to the appropriate uses of power." Some who have had occasion to deal with him on party matters report that he is invariably alert to their problems, invariably helpful. "When he can't or won't do something for you, he gives you an explanation, not an excuse," a state party chairman remarked. One politician who sought his aid says he was offered a choice. "Kenny told me that the bureaucrats were balking at a recommendation I had made for a job appointment. He said he would ram it down their throat if I wanted. But he knew that I knew it wouldn't be a smart thing for me to ask."

Maguire is considered to be "an O'Donnell man," and there may thus be special significance in his move to the party treasurership. It has been pointed out that the man physically closest to the President will now have direct ties into the party structure. O'Donnell, so goes the word, is the man to watch.

From a President's viewpoint, the

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uses of a political party are definitely limited once he has attained office. He still relies on its somewhat mystical ties to Congress. It provides a mechanism for consultation and, on rare occasion, coercion. But the American party in Congress has a strange way of showing less discipline *in* power than *out*. (During the recent fight over the tax bill in the House of Representatives, White House aides had to resort to shaming laggard Democrats by pointing to the unified opposition of the Republicans.)

The Decline of Parties

The task of building a winning coalition in Congress offers constant temptation to devise other means of persuasion besides party loyalty. Especially on the sticky issues of foreign policy, defense, and finance, the President often feels the urge to pick up support when he can by conciliation, even if it means fuzzing the party issues—to woo a Dirksen who may have his own shrewdly calculated election stakes in being wooed. Even on a potentially hot party issue like the struggle with the steel barons, it is the opposition party leaders who have the option of whether to fight or forget the whole thing. A President may sometimes find it more convenient to forget.

The President is tempted to rise above party in other ways. His seemingly vast power of appointment, contract allocation, and the rest is really quite circumscribed. His primary job is to keep a government grown mammoth operating on an even keel. As he weighs the patronage claims of his party, his own primary concern is for competent assistance to help him do this job. The party organization is quite inadequate in this kind of recruitment.

In an age of television, the President has swifter and more certain ways of communicating with his constituents than through the cumbersome channels of his party. Popular support for him and his policies, thanks to Mr. Gallup and his fellow pollsters, is measured by nonparty devices. Harry Truman was the last of the old breed and suffered from it. Since his days, the popularity of the President himself has not contributed to the strength of his party.

Britain Adrift

GEORGE BAILEY

LONDON

"WE ARE THE GREEKS in this new Roman empire," Prime Minister Harold Macmillan is reported to have told some friends a few years ago. "The Americans have all the *top positions*, and we must never resent it. Our job is to make up their minds for them without letting them notice that we are doing it." The meaning of this statement under present circumstances would seem to be that as a result of having bravely fought a great war and emerged from it into a meager peace, as a result of the Suez debacle and the later discovery that having the bomb doesn't add up to much without an adequate means of delivering it, Britain's effectiveness as a world power now largely resides in its relationship to the United States.

"Don't forget," a Foreign Office man cautioned me the other day, "we have grown up together, especially the post-war generation of British and American diplomats. Most of us know our opposite numbers very well."

It is perhaps only natural that the American foreign-policy official should look to his British counterpart as the very model of the traditional diplomat—in manner as well as mannerisms. The old lustre is still very much there, and the prestige. A certain envy on this point was revealed by a senior member of the American Embassy in London: "You must admit that the Foreign Office enjoys a great deal more prestige in England than the State Department does in America. In Britain, the electorate lets the Foreign Office alone." This may be true to an extent, but for all that, British officials are forever citing the electorate: in 1959, and now again, "Mac must have a summit for the elections." During a recent trip to Whitehall I was reminded that, "It's all very well for de Gaulle to take a tough line on Berlin: he doesn't have to worry about an electorate."

The commonplace explanation of Britain's rather ambiguous position in world affairs is that British policy is so far ahead of British public opinion that the government must continually back and fill to bridge the gap between the advance post of British policy and the befuddled rear guard of public opinion.

INDECISION may actually spring from other sources, but the backing and filling process is evident in British defense policy. In the April issue of *Encounter*, John Strachey, who was the last Labour secretary of state for war and has since then functioned as Labour spokesman on defense problems, described the Macmillan government's new defense paper as "confused and indecisive," but from his point of view this was at least an improvement over earlier statements that constituted "a disastrous military doctrine for Britain in particular, and by implication for the West in general. This year's Statement at least blurs and confuses that doctrine and should to that extent be received with some relief. For when you are being marched resolutely towards disaster, you should be thankful if your guide pauses, looks round him in bewilderment and confesses that he is uncertain of the way."

The cause of Strachey's wry satisfaction is the admission contained in the new British defense statement that a balance must be maintained between conventional and nuclear strength. "There is now," a high-ranking Foreign Office official explained to me, "a clear case for increasing conventional forces." In the first and most important instance, this would mean increasing the British contribution of conventional forces to NATO, which is still ten divisions short of its long-standing goal of thirty. To do its part in making up the difference, Britain, again in Strachey's view, would in all probability only have to live up to its original pledge to provide four divisions. But this could not be done without conscription, unless Britain were willing to give up the "silly anachronism of scattering 'Imperial garrisons'—for a largely non-existent

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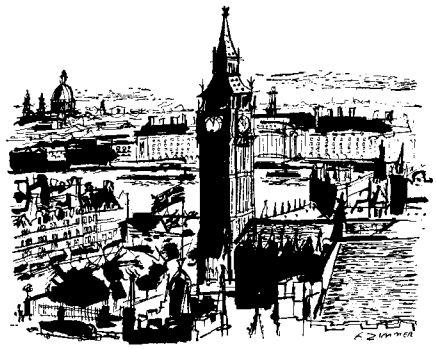
Empire—about the world." This, of course, would be shifting rather than increasing conventional forces, but even so there is no indication that the step will be taken.

On the contrary, the current talk is about a sea-borne, air-borne "strike force," with emphasis on increased naval power and carriers. But again the question is, with what? Raymond Blackman, editor of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, the authoritative publication on the world's warships, recently wrote a letter to the *Navy League Journal* stating that, in view of the sale or scrapping of hundreds of warships since 1945, he was "absolutely staggered and appalled at the paucity of new [naval] constructions."

Instead of increasing conventional forces for direct contribution to NATO, the present plan is to create and maintain a "strategic reserve" to be ferried to the continent from England or elsewhere as the need arises. "If Norstad or his successor is to get his thirty divisions on the ground," I was told, "then the Germans and French will have to make them up, because British public opinion will not stand for Britain's making an appropriate contribution." But it may very well be this same British public opinion that will cry havoc when and if the French and, particularly, the Germans do make them up. A further German contribution would almost certainly be regarded as yet another evidence of German militarism, while the French would be damned for hallucinations of "La Gloire." In the same way, British public opinion set up a wail when President Kennedy sent additional troops to Europe to meet the Berlin crisis.

The Conservatives decided to end conscription in 1957, making Great Britain and Canada the only two NATO countries that do not have compulsory military service. Voluntary enlistments have been sufficient to meet Navy and Royal Air Force requirements but the Army has been forced to undertake one reduction after another for lack of manpower. As a former British officer remarked: "The British government—to judge from the fate of the army—is gradually disarming unilaterally on the sly." The army has suffered in quality as well as quantity; it cannot



seem to attract the technically skilled personnel necessary to man the highly complicated weapons systems of modern warfare.

Conservatives will not reintroduce conscription or even mention the possibility before elections—or perhaps even after. The government is now preparing an extensive campaign of piecemeal catering to the electorate in preparation for national elections, probably some time next year. Instead of attempting to create or mold public opinion by mounting a program of instruction and enlightenment on important issues, the British government has become almost abjectly sensitive to it, reacting defensively or undertaking occasional pilgrimages of placation.

The Sub-Establishment

There is, it is said, a lack of communication between the government and the electorate. The reason given for this absence is a strange inarticulateness on the part of the Conservative party, rank and file as well as leadership. What appears to be inarticulateness, however, is merely a highly stylized recitation of the same old message—the prescription of a balanced diet of sour grapes and withered lotus blossoms. "Old landmarks are shifting," Mr. Macmillan said recently; "old values no longer hold. Power is differently distributed. If we, the British, want to help shape this new world we have to be alert, quick, determined, flexible—not so much Victorian as Elizabethan."

The recently presented budget is in the sour grapes department. Designed to counter inflationary tendencies, it is a disappointment to most. It has been described as "strictly neuter," "anti-expansionist," and "small-minded" by the press. The *Economist* summed up its impression of the budget by predicting a long-term government survey to discover the main special impediments to growth in Britain. "There is little need," the magazine concluded, "to spend a long time on such a survey; the most cursory inquiry from the doorman at the Treasury would . . . [reveal] in which rooms and behind which desks the main impediments to growth are sitting."

The government has also failed to capitalize politically on its decision to join the Common Market and the progress it has made toward implementing that decision. The reason is simply that the decision was not taken freely. The British were flung into the arms of "The Six" on the rebound from the failure to foil "The Six" by making a going concern of "The Seven"—The European Free Trade Association (EFTA). Instead of having taken the initiative in leading Europe to unity, Great Britain now finds itself a late and reluctant petitioner for admission on the wrong end of a loser-to-winner relationship.

The British have been in a kind of sluggish chaos for about forty years, torn between the fading vision of empire (now replaced by a fading vision of the Commonwealth) and the obvious necessity for a radical revision of national and international aims. For decades the government and the electorate have been circling one another in a deepening rut around the festooned maypole of the Establishment. But now one must also take account of the "Sub-Establishment," the over-extended "new middle class" that has emerged as result of a decade of prosperity on a tight-rope. It is the "Sub-Establishment" which is clamoring for leadership, which complains that "nobody will talk to us," it being too high for the Labour Party and still too low for converse with the Establishment itself.

Meanwhile the famous British malaise continues. Here a passage from a recent article by Malcolm Muggeridge deserves to be mentioned: "The English have always had a perverse love for anyone who seeks to encompass their destruction," the former editor of *Punch* wrote. "They despised the Germans of the Weimar Republic and re-

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spected the Nazis. Any Anglophile Indians or Africans were considered contemptible, whereas a Nehru, a Kenyatta, or a Nkrumah deserves respect and admiration." The British continue to seem more afraid of being beastly to an opponent than they are of the opponent himself. They do admit, however, that there are opponents about. The Radcliffe committee's recent report revealed that there were a "disturbing" number of British Communists and Communist sympathizers among the Civil Service trade unions. They "appear, in fact, to have achieved a higher degree of penetration here than in almost any other sector of the trade union movement." Noting, "this presumably deliberate massing of Communist effort in the Civil Service unions is most dangerous to security, however one defines it," the committee nonetheless felt that the threat was "not of the same order" as the professional Russian espionage service in Great Britain. The committee recommended, and the government agreed, that henceforth all government departments could deny access to, or refuse to negotiate with, Communist union officials.

BUT DESPITE the usual malaise, there is a general atmosphere of satisfaction in Whitehall today, based on Britain's success in influencing American foreign policy. The Kennedy administration's apparent acceptance of the basic British dictum that an accommodation with the Soviets must be sought—regardless of the Soviets' every solemn assurance that they are out to do us in—is rightly hailed as a triumph of British diplomacy.

The achievement is all the more extraordinary when the peculiar domestic origins and conditioning factors of British foreign policy are considered. British policy—foreign as well as domestic—has been shaped more by strict attention to the nuances of British temperament and Britain's insular situation. Continual forensic reference to a rudderless electorate, often pampered but never stimulated, has paid off. In effect, Great Britain's lack of leadership at home has been turned into an asset in pressing a claim for leadership abroad—particularly in the United States.

Our Undeclared War in Vietnam

JERRY A. ROSE

SAIGON

SINCE THE COUNTRY came into being, Vietnam's rulers have faced the same problem: how to combat guerrillas. No ruler has ever completely solved the problem. In recent history, the French notably failed. Today, the search for a solution continues desperately.

Guerrillas—Communist or otherwise—have some singular advantages. They operate out of jungles and the forested edges of rice fields. They strike at night. Organized in small bands, they move fast and are difficult to locate. In daytime they hide or mingle with the population. Since guerrillas seldom attempt to capture and hold a position, their strategy is based on maximum offensive power. In sum, the initiative of attack in any war of subversion lies primarily with the guerrillas.

But guerrilla forces also suffer particular disadvantages. Having few permanent bases, being constantly on the move, they live under appalling hardships—in warrens like rabbits, in mosquito-infested marshes, in dank jungles. Their only transportation is by foot, and they are forced to keep going for days at a time, half running, half marching. They are ill-equipped, ill-fed and poorly-clothed; they lack medical care. Logistically, they are almost wholly dependent on the local population ("A guerrilla is like a fish and the people the sea," says Mao Tse-tung).

The guerrilla relies on the people for food and medical supplies, for intelligence information, for portage of supplies, and often for shelter. Sometimes he even relies on the peasant for weapons and ammunition. In Vietnam numerous munition factories, set up in straw huts, produce a steady flow of crude rifles and pistols, mortars and mines, grenades and bullets. The materials are purchased on the local market by peasant women; the work is done by the peasant men.

THE COMMUNIST GUERRILLA is particularly adroit with the peasant. Through extensive interviews with peasants of Vietnam, I found that many have family ties with guerrillas. Family loyalty thus comes to his support. The Viet Cong (Communist guerrillas of South Vietnam) have also initiated land reforms in areas under their domination, taking half an acre from a poor land owner and giving it to a landless farmer. They gain supporters this way, but also enemies: "Some people are rich and some poor, and some people are richer than others and still poor," commented one peasant. Another

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added: "The Viet Cong will come into your rice fields to work with you, and if there's no work to be done they'll even wash out your rice bowls."

But the Viet Cong also make skillful use of terrorism. Guerrillas kill only government officials or people known to be co-operating with the government. They always give warning before execution of the sentence, make the execution as public as possible, then pin the verdict to the shirt of the victim. After the execution, the people are told they can leave, for "the Viet Cong has nothing against the people, and the people have nothing to fear." The process creates an ambiance of legality, and peasants react strongly: "If you commit a crime against the Viet Cong, they'll kill you." The word "crime" is used frequently, as if law and justice were involved. Coupled with this, the peasants have a great fear of the guerrilla spy system: "The Viet Cong know you better than your best friend," said one.

The U.S. Involvement

The United States is doing its utmost to alleviate the situation, and, like the French, the Americans have been forced to come to grips with the problem of guerrilla warfare. Two new theoretical solutions are now being tested, one military, the other, civic. The financial and conceptual impetus for the military solution is largely American, and went into motion shortly after General Maxwell Taylor's visit to Vietnam in October, 1961.

The first important step was to establish a new American military organization in Vietnam: the Military Assistance Command (MAC) under General Paul D. Harkins. MAC maintains a direct liaison with Admiral Harry D. Felt (Commander in Chief, Pacific) and with Washington. Recently, General Harkins and Ambassador Frederick E. Nolting, Jr., have held monthly meetings with Admiral Felt and Defense Secretary McNamara in Honolulu. This organizational change serves to facilitate action on needed material, personnel, etc., from Washington to Vietnam.

There is ample evidence of action. Military personnel have streamed into Vietnam since November. About 4,500 American military men are now in Vietnam (compared to about eight hundred in October, 1961), and the figure is expected to rise to 7,000 or more.

Officially, these men are confined to giving advice and assistance in such activities as training, logistics, supply, and ordinance. They are not supposed to be involved in combat. But many are.

While training and advising Vietnamese infantrymen, rangers, civil guardsmen, and pilots, American instructors frequently encounter the Viet Cong. I have been on these "training" operations and have seen American officers in battle. For diplomatic reasons, (the Geneva Accord and Vietnamese sensitivity), MAC offi-

cials play down such incidents: They do not like it said that American officers lead Vietnamese troops. But they do—when the situation requires firm leadership and a particular Vietnamese commander is not giving it. There is also a good deal of strongly suggestive American leadership in planning operations.

Some American combat involvement in Vietnam has been frankly acknowledged by Washington. There are three companies of U.S. Army helicopters (about sixty in all) transporting troops to embattled areas, into Viet Cong strongholds, and evacuating wounded. These helicopters are fired on (during one operation in which I participated six helicopters were hit by ground fire), and the crews shoot back. Several helicopters have already been lost and one pilot has been wounded.

AMERICANS are also flying on bombing and strafing missions. Under the pretext of training Vietnamese pilots—a Vietnamese does accompany each aircraft—U.S. Air Force pilots fly B-26 bombers and T-28 fighter-bombers in air strikes against the Viet Cong and in support of ground troops. Said one Vietnamese officer: "There are now two air forces in Vietnam: the U.S. Air Force and the Vietnamese Air Force. If quick action is needed, the U.S. Air Force is called."

Such is the United States combat participation in our undeclared war in Vietnam. But our involvement extends into other areas. C-123B cargo planes are spraying chemicals along roads to defoliate the vegetation and make it harder for the Viet Cong to ambush. War dogs imported from the United States are being trained to track the guerrillas. (The Viet Cong have distributed pamphlets instructing the population in anti-dog measures: put garlic and onions on the paths.) A radar system has been established. And a huge effort is underway to supply the Vietnamese armed forces, civil guard, and self-defense militia with all sorts of weapons and equipment.

The underlying concept of the American military effort in Vietnam is simple: beef up all the armed forces with better equipment, and train them to be more aggressive and more mobile. To stimulate aggressiveness and mobility, give them helicopters for quick troop transportation, and bombers for air-to-ground support.

The effectiveness of these measures remains to be seen. The agile Viet Cong guerrillas have not yet really been caught by a helicopter operation but they've been harried, and not infrequently have had to flee for their lives. In fleeing, they are often —according to government reports— caught in damaging air attacks. Over a period of time, the process is bound to tell.

Within the last several weeks, the Vietnamese army has launched several major offensive actions; but with mediocre support, there is still too much "positional warfare" (the static defense of a post or an area), and the chain of command emanating, generally, from the presidency is still too slow. American officers complain that while the ordinary Vietnamese soldier is fine, the army organization and its military and civilian leadership greatly hinders the soldier's fighting capacity. In this area, one of the main pivotal points to success or failure in the

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war, the Americans have been able to do little.

Operation Sunrise

It is axiomatic of guerrilla warfare that a military solution alone is impossible. A way must be found to sever the arterial connection between the peasant and the guerrilla. The people must be controlled or won over, or both.

Several years ago, following the example of Malaya, the Vietnamese government initiated a program of *agrovilles* to unify the scattered population so that it could be better regulated. The plan failed because of mismanagement and corruption. Now, under the names of "rural reconstruction," or "province pacification," the plan has again come to the fore. President Diem's brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, is its overall director, and the United States government its prime supporter.

The principle of the plan is this: gather together all people within a radius of two to three miles; put them into a village; surround the village with a wide ditch, an embankment with bamboo spikes, and barbed wire for defense; give the people money for constructing new homes, build a market place, a school, a medical clinic; provide the people with entertainment. In effect, improve their standard of living. Furthermore, take young men from the village, train them and supply them with arms to form a self-defense unit. The people can go out to work their fields in the day, but they must return at night.

A number of "strategic hamlets" have already been built by enlarging and fortifying an already established village. But on March 22, a new dimension to the rural reconstruction program was launched.

Operation Sunrise began with a military sweep of a Viet Cong-dominated area in Binh Duong province thirty-eight miles northwest of Saigon, an area that formed a link between supplies from the Cambodian border and Phuoc Thanh province, the major Viet Cong stronghold in South Vietnam. Once the military sweep was completed, the peasants were rounded up and directed to Ben Tuong, a cleared area on the edge of a rubber plantation. Only thirty-five per cent of the families

came willingly—205 families in all. As the families began streaming into the cleared area bringing their belongings on ox-carts, they were greeted by civil-action teams.

These civil-action teams are considered the key to the whole plan. Composed of fifteen to twenty members, they are supposed to represent all the social services that can be offered to the peasants: medical aid, education, information (i.e., propaganda in many forms), advice on home building, sanitation, etc. Unfortunately, when I visited Ben Tuong there were many rough spots. The civil-action teams had only received ten days of training. It is really too soon to evaluate the project's success, or the attitude of the people to it.

The United States role in Operation Sunrise, and in the test run at the Ben Tuong strategic hamlet, is vast. The United States Operation Mission (USOM) put about $274,000 into supporting it. The money will be used for food, shelter, clothing, seeds, pesticides, livestock, medical material, village communications, tools—in fact, everything needed. A special eleven-member committee was formed, the USOM Rural Rehabilitation Committee, under the chairmanship of William H. Fippin, deputy director of USOM. The committee will direct money and advice into everything from pest control to assuring standards of weights and measures in the shops of Ben Tuong, from providing wells to supporting an identity-card program.

Said one USOM official: "It is entirely possible that a very large part of our financial support and technical assistance to Vietnam may go into the strategic hamlet or rural reconstruction program." USOM also hopes to establish regional offices in the countryside to increase the mobility and ease of financial and technical assistance.

The United States Information Service is also playing a role in the rural reconstruction program. In Operation Sunrise, USIS worked closely with the Vietnamese army and ministry of information trying to determine what kind of propaganda should be used. Once USIS brought in a barber from the Ben Tuong region, questioned him for nine hours in an effort to discover the local customs so as to better compose propaganda leaflets. Five thousand leaflets were printed for the operation; four thousand dropped by plane, one thousand hand-delivered.

But the largest American role in Operation Sunrise is played by the military. American officers were in on the planning from the start—"they helped to systemize the plans," said a Vietnamese officer. In addition, the United States military is supplying such needed military material as barbed wire, guns, grenades, and flares.

To CO-ORDINATE the American effort on the rural reconstruction program, Ambassador Nolting, on March 28, formed a special country team. It is clear that Washington believes that the concept of the strategic hamlet is one of the major solutions to the guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam.

Operation Sunrise, which will last several years, is designed to regain ten eastern provinces long-infested by the Communist guerrillas. If and when completed, 2,325 tiny hamlets spread throughout the provinces will be unified into 361 strategic hamlets where eighty-five per cent of the population will reside.

Thus, the United States and Vietnamese governments have settled, for better or worse, on a solution to the old problem of combating guerrillas. The plans, both military and civic, seem sound. What remains is to execute them and make them stick.

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Mr. Goldberg And the Labor Leaders

HOBART ROWEN

FOR APPROXIMATELY seventy-two hours in the wake of Roger Blough's announcement of a steel price increase, labor leaders were getting ready, with some satisfaction, to say "I told you so" to Arthur J. Goldberg. In the months that the energetic Secretary of Labor had been arguing for wage and price restraint by company as well as union heads, some labor leaders were not only dubious about the prospects but resentful of the whole campaign. Their irritation with Secretary Goldberg was unconcealed.

But the surrender of Big Steel to public and private pressure applied by Mr. Kennedy has compelled the labor leaders to hold their tongues. In many ways, the labor movement would have been in an enviable strategic position if Blough's assault on the President's policies had prevailed. Any deterioration in the U.S. economy this year would have been blamed on business, not labor. The unions would have been free to demand higher wages and shorter hours, instead of tempering those demands to fit the Kennedy-Goldberg view of what constitutes the public interest.

Now the government is deeper than ever in the business of defining the public interest in wage and price matters. Labor, for a moment, relished the denunciation of the steel tycoons. But sober reflection soon muted the cheers.

Although union leaders have by and large responded in good faith to the administration's appeal, as evidenced, for example, by the steelworkers' willingness to accept a moderate wage contract this year, leaders in the union movement were the first to object to the Kennedy-Goldberg policy of voluntary restraint. Somewhat accidentally, AFL-CIO President George Meany exposed labor's feelings in the aftermath of a Goldberg speech in Chicago toward the end of February.

In that speech Goldberg called for a "greater exercise of government responsibility in the area of collective bargaining," and added that the government "must increasingly provide guidelines to the parties to insure that settlements reached are right settlements that are not only in the interest of the parties themselves, but which also take into account the public interest."

In Bal Harbour, Florida, where the AFL-CIO executive committee was in session, Meany exploded. He told reporters that Goldberg had overstepped proper bounds, that the Secretary's position was "infringing on the rights of a free people and a free society," and that he had taken a step in the direction of government dictation to unions and management.

THIS WARNING to Goldberg was a surprise. He had said essentially the same thing many times before without producing a public response

from Meany. This time, however, the fact that Goldberg really meant what he was saying about a tough policy of wage restraint had begun to sink in—and at a time when the economy was sluggish and job prospects cloudy. Moreover, Meany was in a mood to be snappish. He felt that Kennedy was being overly timid in his domestic economic policies and altogether too friendly to the business community.

If Meany had read the text of Goldberg's speech, he might have refrained from comment. Even so, it would simply have kept below the surface many doubts entertained throughout the labor movement about the wisdom of interfering with the collective bargaining process. To labor leaders, government "guidelines" can mean a ceiling on wage increases. From a different perspective, these doubts are shared by some experts in the field of mediation who believe that guidelines for "responsible" action imply that the government will eventually get all the way into the act itself. In some quarters, Kennedy's crackdown on the steel companies is considered a form of price-setting.

Secretary Goldberg disagrees. He doesn't think the Federal government should or will have to set prices and wages. But, as he said in Chicago, he thinks that "the long-range good of the economy" forces a new look at some of the old processes and mechanics of collective bargaining. He argues that the nation cannot afford the luxury of permitting big business and big labor to reach whatever decisions they choose. When Mr. Kennedy summoned all of the powers of government to force the steel companies to rescind their announced price boost, he was acting precisely in accordance with this view.

Pro-Labor or Pro-Kennedy?

The implications of the steel-price crisis are as deep for labor as they are for business. Many union leaders have expressed an anxious concern about the role Goldberg has chosen for himself and the government in the nation's economic life. It is a bit difficult, however, to determine just where labor's legitimate concern for its own goals and programs leaves off and envy of public acclaim for Goldberg begins. For example, in Pittsburgh just before the new steel contract was initialed on March 31, a United Steelworkers man grumbled: "I sure wish Kennedy had put Goldberg on the Court instead of White." The view was symptomatic of an annoyance with Goldberg that is sometimes articulated but more often kept in control.

Formal relations between the sec-

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retary and the various AFL-CIO chieftains are satisfactory enough, although occasionally one hears gibes like: "Arthur ought to realize that he's not the whole labor movement." The most sophisticated among them concede that the gray-haired and apparently tireless Secretary now owes his first loyalty to the Kennedy administration, and not to the interests of labor.

In the Public Interest

There are a few who complain that "Arthur leans over backward to show that he is not pro-labor." This has been taken as an affront by Goldberg, who insists that he has never abandoned a deep emotional tie to the working man and that, even if he is now an administration man, he plays no favorites. The unions' suggestion that he has been tougher on them than on management is designed to keep the pressure on Goldberg. They feel that there are plenty of pressures going the other way that should be countered. But in the past this tactic has made for a certain strain in their relations with the Secretary.

There is, of course, no doubt that Goldberg has antagonized some labor circles. He spoke out vigorously against a shorter work week at the very time that Meany and Walter Reuther were urging spreading the work by this means. (Goldberg's argument: a short workweek now would be inflationary and would only result in spreading unemployment.)

Goldberg blasted away even more forcefully at Harry Van Arsdale's twenty-five-hour week for electrical workers in New York. This was really a disguised pay boost, and many union men agreed with Goldberg's criticism but didn't dare say so. The Secretary also condemned strikes at the nation's missile bases and personally toured construction sites to tell workers directly that work stoppages at their bases would not be tolerated. This embittered some construction union leaders, even though Goldberg's creation of a voluntary system to handle labor trouble at the bases spared them from Senator John McClellan's drastic bill which would have outlawed strikes.

Just a few weeks ago, Goldberg accepted an invitation to talk to the teachers' union in New York and told them directly that they should not strike. (They did anyway.) Whether the situation is national in scope or local, if Goldberg feels that a union is not acting responsibly or in the public interest, he usually says so. This habit has undoubtedly disturbed many in the labor movement. As one thoughtful leader has put it, "There are many in the labor movement who have decided that while Arthur is a great guy and all that, maybe it would be better to have a Secretary of Labor who knows less about their business than Arthur does. After all, he knows every trick in the book, and also where some bodies are buried."

THERE IS another kind of criticism which is an amalgam of injured pride and the struggle for power that goes on in Washington. This is voiced in the suggestion by union insiders that "We don't want Goldberg to be the business agent for the unions in government." This reflects a feeling that Goldberg has taken it upon himself to speak for labor within administration councils; many union leaders feel that they have been taken too much for granted.

The facts would not seem to bear out this charge. Mr. Kennedy certainly has relied heavily on Goldberg, as would any President with such an ingenious lieutenant. But labor hasn't been bypassed. Labor leaders have been personally welcomed at the White House, both on a business and social level, and they beat a well-worn track to Goldberg's door in the Labor Department. In terms of advice, labor has been increasingly influential, as witness Mr. Kennedy's decision to ask for a $600-million public-works program in March.

Only One Client

Goldberg isn't bothered by the warning against being a "business agent." He knows full well that he has been successful in furthering labor's progress and many of labor's programs. If labor isn't one hundred per cent pleased with him, that may only be because he is working for President Kennedy and the whole country now.

Perhaps it might have been predicted that Goldberg would bump heads with some labor politicians. To begin with, Goldberg was a lawyer for the unions, and not a union official. This is a big difference not well understood by the average citizen, who simply identifies Goldberg with the labor movement. In a broad sense, the identification fits, but Goldberg was never a professional labor leader who came up through the ranks to elected eminence. The leaders of the big international unions would much rather have had one of their own number sitting in the wood-paneled office of the Secretary of Labor.

It is an open secret that when Mr. Kennedy was mulling over his cabinet choices, Meany presented him with a list of six labor-approved candidates—all elected officers of the big unions. Goldberg, counsel for the Steelworkers' Union, wasn't on it. This was a bold snub by Meany, because it was well-known at the time that Mr. Kennedy was leaning toward naming Goldberg, who had helped him during the campaign. (Goldberg had wanted to be Attorney General; being rejected by Meany helped persuade him to take the labor job.) Meany and other AFL-CIO leaders would just as soon forget the whole episode, but Goldberg has not.

IN THE WEEKS AHEAD, as the administration tries to consolidate the new influence it has derived from steel's retreat, the unions may feel that they have been placed in a strait jacket. The public now will look to the administration to be just as tough with labor as it was with Big Steel. Business itself, aware that price increases must run the gamut of a new public scrutiny, may be tougher than ever in collective bargaining. In such a situation, it would be normal for labor to look for a scapegoat, and Goldberg may seem to be a convenient one.

If they take this tack, Goldberg is ready to shrug it off. He feels that he has played it down the middle, with John F. Kennedy his only client. "We're in a new competitive situation today," he has said, "and we can't afford an inflation or a new loss in gold. Now, these are the facts —and who can tell the unions and the companies about them, if the government can't?

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A Place for the Aged

MAYA PINES

EVERY WINTER, in the days before the development of antibiotics, pneumonia—"the old man's friend"—killed off thousands of people in their sixties. Indeed, so few persons survived this menace that there was little need to worry about how to provide for the aged during long periods of chronic or debilitating illness.

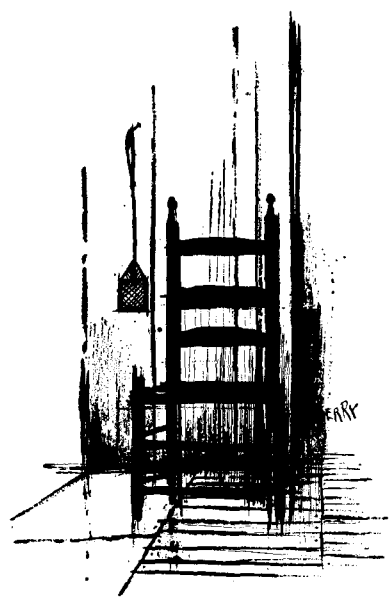
It is only in the last decade that we have begun to realize the full implications of the new longevity granted to us by modern medicine. There are now seventeen million Americans over the age of sixty-five, and in the past ten years their number has grown twice as fast as the population as a whole. The biggest proportionate increase, sixty-one per cent, has come in the group aged eighty-five and over.

In effect, old age in the United States now consists of two distinct stages, almost two generations: "young" old age, during which the man or woman more than sixty-five remains comparatively healthy, and, thanks to Social Security, economically viable; and "real" old age, when illness or infirmity may knock out all previous supports, though not life itself.

This second generation of the aged stands to benefit most from the administration's bill for health care through the Social Security System. But no amount of legislation alone can cope with the staggering problems raised by growing numbers of old people who, because of chronic disease or mental deterioration, have become unable to fend for themselves.

For the sick aged and their families, the facts of life are brutal. The period of acute illness, with its high medical and hospital bills, is only the starting point of a long and increasingly difficult journey. A whole family's life savings of $10,000 can easily disappear in well-meant but inadequate care at home, or in payments to a poorly staffed commercial nursing home—after which the elderly patient may be permanently bedridden and his family broke.

Recognizing that there is usually no proper place to receive such patients after they leave the hospital, many of the general hospitals—our most expensive medical facility—have been known to keep elderly patients longer than necessary, particularly if they have any kind of hospital insurance. With universal insurance of the aged, this trend may become a real menace, tying up thousands of hospital beds that should be available for acute cases. Yet it is understandable when one



considers the shocking shortage of facilities for people who are both old and sick.

Where Can They Go?

The best-known facilities are the commercial nursing homes, whose patients average eighty years of age. The Senate subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging recently described them as follows: "Every troubled son or daughter, anxious to find a good nursing home for a father or mother, is dismayed, and often shocked, by the inadequacy, the hopelessness, inherent in most nursing homes. Those who have wandered from home to home seeking decent facilities, a therapeutic environment, a life-restoring force pulsing through its system too often have given up in frustration." Nearly half of the 308,000 nursing-home beds in the nation were found "non-acceptable" because the homes failed to meet fire and health standards. Even so, no beds at all were available for another 130,000 persons who needed nursing-home care. "Worst of all," said Senator Pat McNamara (D., Michigan), chairman of the subcommittee, "the vast majority of nursing homes provide no rehabilitation or restorative services, thus unnecessarily condemning many patients to a life of helplessness."

THERE ARE, of course, some outstanding commercial nursing homes that offer a full range of services, but they may charge from $5,000 to $10,000 a year—far beyond the means of most old people or their families. People who can afford such rates usually can afford the best of care in their own homes anyway—long-term treatment by medical specialists, round-the-clock nursing care, plus daily exercises under the direction of physiotherapists who will make sure that their limbs recover their potential as rapidly as possible rather than atrophy from disuse.

The physical therapy, occupational therapy, and general attention necessary to get an old person up and about take time and money, more than most commercial nursing homes can supply without running at a loss. As small businesses, they would price themselves out of the market if they gave too many services, especially when they receive only the patient's Social Security or old-age assistance check. Undoubtedly many kind persons do the best they can under these circumstances, but it is not unusual for a nursing home to keep patients in bed just because that makes things easier for the staff—and also, in some cases, because the welfare department allows more money for bedridden patients.

Despite the tremendous growth of commercial nursing homes in the past decade, no real supervision of them exists. The states are supposed to set standards for such homes, but their standards are minimal. To a large extent, the state welfare departments subsidize these homes through old-age assistance payments, but even if they wished to close up the worst offenders, in most cases

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they could not afford to do so for lack of any other place to put their charges. So every few years there are new scandals, new nursing-home fires, and new exposés of abuses, such as homes charging the city for nonexistent nurses or other fictitious services. As long as there is no alternative to these homes, there can be little hope of lasting improvement.

UNTIL RECENTLY, nobody, not even philanthropic groups, really tried to help families deal with the problem of how to provide for an older person who is not ill enough to stay in the hospital yet too ill to be cared for properly in his own home. The many religious, fraternal, and other nonprofit organizations that presumably are interested in the aged simply looked the other way, limiting their role to providing handsome places of residence with no medical facilities whatsoever, where healthy old people could spend their last years in peace and comfort—provided they remained healthy. At the first sign of illness, the residents of such homes often were dumped into the nearest county hospital or mental hospital, and they were not taken back.

Even now the admission requirements of some nonprofit homes for the aged make it very clear that only the healthiest specimens are wanted: "Must be able to care for herself and take some care of her room," or "Must be able to pass a physical examination." In one such home in the New York City area, the examining doctor flunked a ninety-year-old woman who had been living with relatives, caring for her own room, and going up and down stairs frequently. She was too shaky on her feet, the doctor explained; she might fall down, and there was no more room in the infirmary.

By abdicating their responsibility toward the people who needed help most and helping only those who needed it least, the old-style homes for the aged acquired an unfavorable public reputation that to a large extent lingers on today.

However, some of the best nonprofit homes for the aged have quietly started what may amount to a revolution in the treatment of the aged. Not only have they set up first-rate infirmaries for people who fall ill after admittance, but also, in the past few years, many have begun to accept old people who are quite ill. Sometimes these are admitted directly upon discharge from a hospital or mental hospital.

New Trend, New Hope

"We have been forced to go into this field because of the sheer pressure of need," is the view of Dr. Morris Hinenburg, consultant on medical and aged services for the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, which includes seven homes for the aged in the New York City area. "We're trying to set up hospital affiliations for several of the homes we already have, and we plan to build a new five-hundred-bed home for the sick aged in Queens. All our new facilities will be for the sick—circumstances compel it."

Nobody knows for sure how many people live in the nation's nonprofit homes for the aged—a good guess would be about 200,000—or how many homes offer services for the sick at present. But there is no doubt that many homes have undertaken building drives to enlarge their infirmaries. Since old buildings designed for other purposes can seldom be converted to serve the sick efficiently, new wings are constantly being added, as well as entirely new homes. The four newest homes for the aged built by the Episcopal Church, for instance, are really nonprofit nursing homes for old men and women. Whatever additional homes are built by this church "will probably be in the nursing-home area, too," according to the Reverend Herbert Lazenby, the church's consultant on aging.

The trend is unmistakable, and it has been heightened recently by the sudden appearance of vacancies in the homes that fail to follow it. With the aid of Social Security and private pension plans, many old people no longer go into homes for the aged just to find a place to live. As long as they remain vigorous, they naturally continue to live with their own families or by themselves. In the past decade, the average age of residents in homes for the aged has risen from seventy to over eighty, and it is still rising for new applicants. If only from the point of view of survival, the nonprofit homes increasingly realize that they must cater to people in the second stage of old age.

Nonprofit homes for the aged are run by responsible boards of directors made up of community or religious leaders. The sponsors are usually religious organizations, with Catholic groups taking the numerical lead followed by the Jews and the Methodists. The average fee—i.e., the operating cost—for infirmary care and rehabilitation in a good nonprofit home is about $250 per month per resident, but some residents contribute only their old-age assistance payments, and a few pay somewhat more than their share. The traditional requirement of having applicants turn over all their property before admission in return for lifetime care is rapidly disappearing.

The real difference between the commercial nursing homes and these nonprofit homes for the aged, however, is one of atmosphere, motivation, and services, even more than of price. Recently an eighty-year-old woman transferred to a nonprofit home for the aged from a nursing home where she had been kept in bed for five years after a stroke. She was bedridden, incontinent, and totally depressed. Since she had remained in bed so long, she would never be able to walk again. But at least she could improve to some extent. Within two weeks after her arrival, she had learned to control her body functions. Helped into a wheelchair, she propelled herself into the living room where she saw other people instead of spending the day alone in bed. And she began to take an interest in life again.

OBVIOUSLY, a good nonprofit home for the aged is by far the best choice for old people who can no longer manage alone. The only problem is how to get in. Waiting lists for the infirmary divisions of such homes run from three months to two years, and if more people knew what these homes offer the pressure might be far greater.

When a big new home for men and women was opened by the Carmelite Sisters near Bridgeport, Connecticut, last year, it was promptly filled to its capacity of 374, with an additional 874 on its waiting list.

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St. Joseph's Manor, as it is called, has a medical director and two assistant physicians of its own, in addition to the doctors who treat private patients there. It has an electrocardiogram department, an X-ray department, a clinical laboratory, and an occupational therapist. Its physical-therapy department recently discharged, after a stay of less than six months, a sixty-eight-year-old woman who had come in with a heart condition and a hip fracture.

"We accept people directly from hospitals, including mental hospitals," Mother Bernadette, the administrator of St. Joseph's Manor, has said. "When an old person is just confused and disoriented, not really psychotic, he is much better off if he can be kept out of the mental hospitals." Besides offering medical and nursing care, "We try to meet our residents' total needs—physical and social, psychological and spiritual. This is not a hospital, but a substitute for their own homes."

From special diets to handrails in the bathrooms and corridors, everything in the home is designed for the aged. There are even lightweight rocking chairs that fold, so that the residents can carry them to their favorite spots in the adjoining woods. All rooms are set up to be used for nursing care if necessary, and half of the residents receive such care around the clock.

At the same time, there are enough activities for the residents, including various community-service projects, painting classes, leatherwork, amateur theatricals, and writing for the *Manor News,* to give them a number of outlets for their energies in keeping with their abilities. Residents who can walk or wheel themselves about can also enjoy a drink in the combination coffee shop-cocktail lounge at any time of day.

Since the existing homes for the aged cannot begin to meet the needs of their innumerable applicants, some of them have tried new ways of making economical use of their facilities. A few homes offer "nonresident care," in which old people live nearby and come in for physical or occupational therapy, for some of the home's activities, or for meals. In several instances old men and women who thought they could no longer live alone have kept going on their own ten or twelve years longer, just because they knew that they could move into the home for good any time they really needed it.

All of this fits right in with one of the provisions of the King-Anderson bill for medical aid to the aged through Social Security, which also tries to help people get along in their own homes as long and as well as possible. Whenever hospitalization or nursing-home care is not essential, this bill would provide coverage for up to 240 health-care visits per year by trained nurses, physical therapists, or part-time homemakers in the patient's own home.

Meanwhile, another kind of building boom is in progress, particularly in the West. More or less luxurious

apartment buildings or country-club homes are available for old people who can afford to pay "founders' fees" of from five to fifty thousand dollars, plus monthly maintenance. Unlike ordinary co-operatives, these cannot be resold or inherited; upon each "founder's" death his residence reverts to the nonprofit foundation—usually a church—that sponsored the project, and future generations of the aged will be able to use it without paying the original fee. Unfortunately, the designers of some of these projects have given no thought to providing nursing care, and when their "founders" become ill they, too, may be in real trouble. One happy exception is the series of middle-income residences now being built by the Episcopal Church. "All of them will have infirmaries," according to Mr. Lazenby, "and later, I hope, they will have their own nursing homes as well."

Last November a new American Association of [nonprofit] Homes for the Aging was formed under the sponsorship of the National Council on the Aging and Mr. Lazenby was elected president. With headquarters at 49 West 45th Street in New York City, this association hopes to help its members raise their own standards and also to speak up for the nonprofit point of view on national legislation affecting the aged. Such legislation is, of course, very much in the news these days. The Senate subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging recently made some interesting recommendations about housing for the aged. One is to appropriate at least $100 million for direct loans to nonprofit groups to construct low-rental housing for the elderly; another would make health and social services mandatory in all Federally aided multiple housing for the aged.

No matter how rapidly nonprofit housing grows, however, our aging population is apt to grow even faster. And certainly nothing will diminish the need for good facilities in the nation's commercial nursing homes. These have become a major factor in our medical and welfare systems, providing almost half as many beds as the nation's general hospitals. Senator McNamara has urged the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to develop minimum standards for nursing homes, and has suggested that Congress give financial aid to homes that meet such standards of medical and restorative service. These may become hot political issues if Congress adopts the King-Anderson bill, which includes up to six months of paid nursing-home care among its benefits.

Perhaps the better nonprofit homes for the aged can serve as a yardstick in this field to help raise the general level of care. As one administrator has explained, "If we provide enough good services to the aged in various parts of the country, at least we can give old persons a choice—a kind of choice that now exists only for the rich." Hopefully, such homes will prove a useful antidote to those businessmen who view the aged only as a growing market to fleece.

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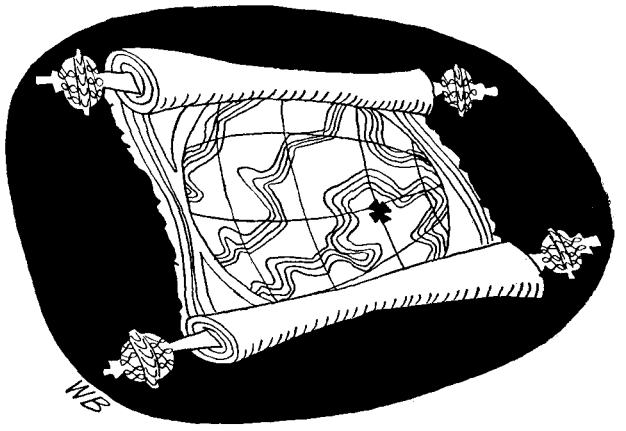

The Gaps in Our Maps

GEORGE H. T. KIMBLE

GEOGRAPHERS have always worried about the gaps in their maps. True, most of the gaps are not so large as they used to be when Jonathan Swift wrote of

. . . . geographers [who] in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

Since his time nearly all of the world's peaks have been scaled, most of its rivers have been traced to their sources, and the downs have been filling up fast with towns.

But there are still plenty of gaps. Take, for instance, those in the commonest of all types of map—the location map. In spite of six thousand and more years of exploration, large areas of the world remain all but unknown to outsiders—as much a part of terra incognita as "darkest Africa" was in Swift's day. While most of these areas are remote from civilization, not all of them are. Within thirty minutes' flying time of Seattle, Maracaibo, and Aden, there are tracts that have never been described, let alone surveyed scientifically. There are many similar areas in the Amazon basin, the Sahara, New Guinea, and the mountain country that fills so much of Central Asia. Then, again, many of the so-called "known" areas of the earth are mapped only in atlases and small-scale reference maps that cover a lot of territory in a very small space. Such maps don't do you any good when you are trying to get a "fix" on an emergency landing field in Nevada, or when you want to determine the exact size of a stand of timber, or even take a walk through a state park. This kind of locating requires maps on a scale of not less than 1:25,000 (that is, approximately two and one-half inches to the mile), with accurately drawn contours, drainage patterns, vegetation belts, settlement features, etc.; and such maps do not exist for more than about five per cent of the earth's surface. They do not exist for all of the older settled parts of the United States. Until a few years ago, they did not even exist for Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park, thirty miles from New York City.

Where such large topographic maps do exist, few of them are accurate enough to show precisely how the international boundary runs between, for example, Brazil and Bolivia—to say nothing of showing exactly how far it is by ICBM from Minneapolis to Moscow.

WHEN it comes to special-purpose maps of the earth, showing such things as the distribution of minerals, soils, and ground-water resources, the position is much worse. In a general way, we now know where most of the mineral-bearing rocks are located, where the soils are good and where they are poor, where the rains are heavy and where they are light, and where ground water is likely to be found.

But for no single country or state is this kind of information available in sufficient detail to take the guesswork out of prospecting, planning, and development. There are areas in Africa larger than Alaska for which no soil maps exist; for that matter, Alaska hasn't any decent ones either. There are larger areas still in the Americas and Asia for which no ground-water maps exist. And the trouble is that there can never be such special-purpose maps as long as there are no large-scale topographic maps, for if there's one article of faith more widely affirmed by cartographers than another, it is "No location [of resources, etc.] without representation [of relief, drainage, etc.]." Before now, mineral-exploration companies, working in countries such as Arabia, have found themselves unable to begin their special-purpose mapping until they first made their own topographic maps of the region.

The deeper we go into the earth, the greater our ignorance becomes. Here and there, mining geologists have done some deep probing—a few of their oil-drilling "cores" are more than four miles long. By studying the behavior of earthquake waves, geophysicists now have some notion of what lies in the mantle, the two-thousand-mile solid sheath that surrounds the liquid core of the earth. But it takes more than a few probes to make a picture, and notions are not necessarily the same thing as knowledge.

OF THE SEAS, even less is known than of the land, in spite of (or could it be because of?) the fact that three-fourths of the earth's surface is sea-covered. As recently as May, 1961, Harris B. Stewart, Jr., chief oceanographer of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, declared that "Only two per cent of the ocean bottom is adequately charted and this charting has been limited almost exclusively to the . . . continental shelf." At the rate professional oceanographers are now being turned out, it will be a long time before such maps exist for even twenty per cent

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of the ocean area, for in the whole of the world there are perhaps fifty schools of oceanography, most of them small. For every student graduating from them, a thousand graduate from schools of geology and geography.

Nor is it just the ocean bottom of which we are ignorant. There is still an enormous amount to be known about the waters lying above it. In the past four years three ocean currents have been added to the world's hydrographic charts (two in the Pacific, one in the Atlantic), and there is no reason to suppose that others will not be found as more exploration is done. Particularly large are the gaps in our knowledge of the relationship between surface and deep-sea currents, and the variations in the strength and position of both; the mechanism and travel of swell-waves, some of which are still strong enough three thousand miles after they started life in Newfoundland waters to smash shipping lying at anchor in the open roadsteads of northwest Africa; and, not least, the rate of turnover of sea water. (Such a matter is especially important now that we have to start thinking about what to do with our atomic garbage: dumping it into the sea, as is freely suggested, would be fine, provided it were quickly carried to "safe" subsurface levels. But what if it weren't?)

What is true of the sea and the land is true of the air: the further we go from the surface, the less we know. With all our observing, we still have to construct a satisfactory working model of the upper-air circulation of heat, moisture, and wind. We now have a few more "parts" to study than we had at the beginning of the 1957-1958 International Geophysical Year, and no doubt we shall have still more when all fifty volumes of the IGY *Annals* have been published. But not even the most optimistic meteorologists believe that these *Annals* will supply all the missing parts. For that matter, they may not tell whether it is the circulation of the upper air that controls the lower, or vice versa; what exact effect the ice-clad Antarctic has on the world's weather; or how much swapping of heat and moisture goes on between the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, or even between the oceans and the air above them. And it will certainly be many years—IGY years at that—before we have enough data to be able to draw the kind of maps governments must have if their agricultural and land-settlement plans are ever to have more than an even chance of success. The comfort a Brazilian settler may derive from being told that the mean annual rainfall of his place is forty inches is as nothing to the calamity he suffers when hit by an "unexpected" drought. For most parts of the world, maps showing the incidence of the unexpected—whether rainfall or any other meteorological variable—are still either lacking or quite inadequate.

WHAT many mapmakers complain of most is the inadequacy—or total lack—of data about the distribution and cultural characteristics of man. For Asia, Africa, and South America, it is easier to get an idea of the rainfall than of the population, and of the incidence of earthquakes and tidal waves than of endemic diseases and hunger. All our explorations, researches, censuses, and polls notwithstanding, we still cannot answer such questions as: How many people are there on the earth, and where do they all live? How fast are they increasing and where are they increasing fastest? How many of them are literate, and in what languages? How many of them are sick, and of what diseases? How much land do they use, and for what purposes? How many of them live within their means—animal, vegetable, and mineral? And how fast are those who are improvident overspending their means?

The main reason why we cannot answer such questions is simple: the questions have never been put to the people who could answer them. Some countries, such as Ethiopia and Liberia, have yet to take a census. Some countries that take censuses lack the means of making them either accurate or full. Some others that have found the means have had difficulty in finding the people. Not everybody, it seems, likes to stand up and be counted, let alone be quizzed about his possessions, disease, and so on. (For that matter, in some parts of the world, including parts of Africa, it is still an unforgivable insult, or an injury demanding redress, to ask a man to number his possessions). However, even in countries that have had censuses for generations it is quite rare to find large-scale maps showing the distribution and density of population, to say nothing of the distribution of diseases, literacy, etc. Not even the United States has such maps.

WHAT IS BEING DONE about all these gaps? Not enough to close them, although a great deal more work is now being done on some of the gaps than has ever been done before. More topographic maps have come from the printing presses than were in existence at the beginning of the Second World War. For this, photogrammetry, the science of making maps from aerial photographs, is mainly responsible. Since 1939 more than one-third of the land surface of the world has been photographed for mapping purposes. Unfortunately, because of the tin-cup budgets on which most mapping agencies work, only a small fraction of these photographs have so far been used for the making of large-scale, high-quality maps. But those who rattle tin cups are accustomed to live abstemiously, and it is remarkable what some agencies have been able to do, or to persuade other people to do, on beggarly incomes. In the past half century a group of geographers has managed to map, or get mapped, most of the earth's surface on the scale of about sixteen miles to the inch (1:1,000,000); recently they have begun to work on the compilation of world population and world land-use maps on the same scale. Yet in the whole of its history, the organization sponsoring most of this work, the International Geographical Union, has never had an income of more than $25,000 a year.

The newly founded Special Committee on Oceanic Research (SCOR), one of the many sturdy offspring of the International Council of Scientific Unions (ICSU), the agency that sponsored the IGY, expects to work even greater miracles of multiplication, for it expects to persuade the twenty-five participating countries to invest some $60 million on Indian Ocean research and mapping, at a cost to ICSU of only $25,000.

It wouldn't be so bad, of course,

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if it were merely a matter of closing long-standing gaps. But it isn't. Each year brings to light the existence of new gaps, or at least gaps that nobody used to worry about. Sixty years ago, few people worried about what the weather was doing even five thousand feet above the surface, for there were no airplanes. Thirty years ago, it became necessary for pilots to know what the weather was doing fifteen thousand feet up. Today, in the jet-plane age, it has become necessary to know what it is doing fifty thousand feet up. Tomorrow, in the space age, who knows what the ceiling will be?

So it is in many other fields. New needs are continually giving rise to new gaps in our knowledge. The new gaps are continually calling for new maps—uranium maps for better prospecting, disposable-income maps for better marketing, fertility maps for better farming, river and lake maps for better fishing, realty maps for better living, cemetery maps for better lying.

BUT, it may be argued, not all the gaps matter. Man will get by—gaps or no gaps—the way he has always done. And anyway, there is nothing wrong with some of them a few pictures of savages and elephants can't put right. To this the scientist has but one reply: all ignorance matters, especially ignorance that prevents the earth from realizing its full potential—economic, social, political, and aesthetic; and until all nations know exactly what resources of land, water, and air are available to them, and on what terms—not to mention knowing how and where their people live and why they die—they are doomed to weakness, inefficiency, and needless suffering. It would not be difficult to show that it is on the shoals of such ignorance that many of man's most cherished development schemes have foundered. Ignorance of the environment was largely responsible for the abandoning of every third farm in the dry belt of southern Alberta in the early 1920's. It was the same sort of ignorance, coupled with ignorance of the folkways of the Africans who lived in the area, that was largely responsible for the failure of the Tanganyika groundnut scheme in the late 1940's. On the other hand, it was knowledge of the actual and potential use of the land, obtained and mapped in the 1930's by the Land Utilization Survey, that enabled Great Britain to expand its plowland acreage in the early days of the Second World War by sixty per cent and to double its output of urgently needed food supplies.

Even if knowledge of our world didn't matter for "practical" reasons, it is still better to know such things than to be ignorant of them, since there is no other way of remaining human. As Fridtjof Nansen once put it: "Man wants to know, and when he ceases to do so, he is no longer man."

'Almost Perfect'

ALFRED KAZIN

THERE WAS ONCE an editor of fiction of whom it used to be said, quite matter-of-factly, that he had "almost perfect taste." I must confess that when first I heard this said of a living, breathing, fallible human being, I thought it a witty crack but a bit malicious. No, the tribute was to be taken literally and was even as humble as anything could possibly have been. It seemed that the man was quite as well known for "almost perfect taste" as another man might be for his height or his wealth or his crimes.

Alas, that man was not alone in his gift. Reading references to "practically perfect" French movies and "just barely flawed" first novels, I have become increasingly conscious of my own oddity and rash enthusiasms in a cultural community which seems more pained by a lapse of inspiration in the last chapters of *Huckleberry Finn* than by looking at television commercials ecstatically hymning brassieres and toilet paper.

Huckleberry Finn, as is well known, tends decidedly to go down with Chapter XXXII, when Huck goes out to the Phelps farm, that professional boy Tom Sawyer comes back into the book, and the tiresome and childish business of "rescuing" Jim from the "captivity" into which the boys have put him is complacently set in motion. It is undeniable that these last chapters are a disappointing and even irritating anticlimax to what is the most charming of American books (of which there are so few that are great and so few among the great that are steadily charming)—and which is also *the* great American book that is not strained in its humanity, not distorted by the anxious old moralistic American will to do good and to think big.

Undeniably, those last chapters are a lapse from the unconscious and never-to-be-repeated splendors that make up the greatest part of *Huckleberry Finn.* Understandably, they have been regretted by admirers of what is morally the most penetrating as well as artistically the most joyous of the great American novels. Hemingway regretted the lapse in his favorite book. T. S. Eliot regretted the lapse when he, too, discovered *Huckleberry Finn;* everyone regrets it now, for ours is a period of almost perfect taste, and no flaw anywhere goes unchallenged. Mark Twain never noticed it. Mark Twain, who never saw the difference between good and terrible in any of his books, was emphatically not a man of perfect taste.

YET knowing how erratic Mark Twain was in general and how particularly unconscious of his best achievement he was in this one, I have always, I dare confess it, been so grateful for the basic invention and imaginative energy in the book that I have never had my life soured by what happens after Chapter XXXII in *Huckleberry Finn.* As Justice Holmes was overheard in a Washington burlesque house thanking God for "my low taste," so I will say shamelessly, without blushing, that considering the breakneck speed with which Mark Twain wrote the book (after throwing it aside for seven years), and that the novel is long, was written in the benighted nineteenth century, and is a picaresque novel, full of the ups and

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downs but minus a lot of the disquisitions and fancywork natural to picaresque novels of all times and places, I cannot honestly say that the conventional last chapters of *Huckleberry Finn* (and they are conventional, I admit it) are enough to blight my pleasure and satisfaction in the rest of it.

Besides, Mark Twain reached such heights in this book that, being Mark Twain and not the most finicky or most consistent writer in the world, he naturally grew tired or just plain indifferent. He wrote books with the same careless ease and joy which which he played billiards, drank scotch, smoked cigars in bed, and told anecdotes to get tears out of thousands of Civil War veterans in convention assembled. His writing had above all to amuse and distract *him,* and what he wrote, he wrote. With him, a miss was as good as a mile; and you can confidently say of Mark Twain that he didn't especially, when it came to his own works, know the difference between them. Even more provokingly to us just now, he didn't care.

I will go the whole hog and say that just as the big "descriptive" style of nineteenth-century novelists —Dickens opening *Bleak House* with paragraphs on the London fog, Balzac taking us around the boarding house of *Père Goriot* as exhaustively as a television reporter now shows us the White House—is the clearest possible association we have with their "big" grasp on life and society and the moral issues in each, so one clue we have to the imaginative achievement of *Huckleberry Finn* is that it is the product of a mind whose lapses were virtually necessary to his imaginative strength. For he had above all to feel easy to write at all, and if he had had to check himself every time he was in danger of displeasing the unnaturally severe taste of our time he wouldn't have found in himself the unexpected depths of *Huckleberry Finn.* Of course this does not mean that "conventionality" of the kind we find at the end of the book is necessary. But as *Huckleberry Finn* took off from the boy's book that is *Tom Sawyer,* so it had in some sense to return to *Tom Sawyer;* like any good writer, Mark Twain was able to transcend himself only by agreeing with his genius to return to himself. Even a great writer is as limited in most things as he is astoundingly free in a few unaccountable things; he can never transcend himself completely, and when he does so he must pay tribute to the conventionality that has never left him; he must, as it were, ask to be taken back.

What we today consider the virtues of *Huckleberry Finn* were in his own genteel age considered faults. Yet how absolute we are about what we presently consider the book's faults! What a scandal these faults do make among those who are so proud of recognizing the book at all! How anxious students are about those dreadful last chapters! For now that students learn to read "critically"—to make like critics even if they haven't read a book before—they have to criticize. Nothing can go uncriticized. Isn't that what criticism means? Imagine a critic enjoying what he reads! How students fuss, and insist on an explanation, how they are tortured by Mark Twain's "inconsistency" and "unevenness" before they return to the blissfully sharp pages of *Mad,* which suffers no foolishness to go unremarked and which can therefore be read by people who are plainly no fools themselves. How many theories have been invented by professional literary scholars to account for those last chapters—since obviously an original work of art has to be "practically perfect," "almost unflawed." If *Huckleberry Finn* is a masterpiece, then it must be one on every page and in every word; otherwise, how can we be sure it's a masterpiece? And if it does fall down in those last chapters, there *must be a reason.* Can it be that, like James Joyce in *Finnegans Wake,* Mark Twain was working out some private fable in those last chapters? How do you know that those mysterious chapters do not contain a cipher betraying the fact that the author was madly in love with William Dean Howells?

I UNDERSTAND, now, the assistant professor I met many years ago who, with a frown of distaste for all he was saved from, said that he was specializing in minor authors. That is what we all do today in literature, though we don't know it. If we can't stay away from the major authors, we pick at the gross overgrowth of their fame until we trim them down to minor authors. If any modish new French movie is "practically perfect," then we must get rid of whatever it is in Tolstoy or Stendhal or Melville that keeps him from being perfect. It is not the experience of art, of big art, of necessarily flawed art, above all of passionately human art, that matters so much to so many anxious consumers of cultural goods today; it is the need to get a smooth-looking article for their money, to be assured that the new merchandise is—absolutely! —without defect, and certainly has not been used before. Alas, it is worse than that. Why should one worry so much about the ending of *Huckleberry Finn*—students and housewives in Great Books courses and all other Americans who face a great book with more trepidation than they do the dentist, but who live cheerfully with tabloid headlines about Eddie and Liz, eat TV dinners, and miss Jack Paar—if it were not for the small but obstinate presumption in ourselves that says, in an age of analysis, that anything *we* can fault makes us superior to what we can't? We all know that *Huckleberry Finn* is a great book, but if you and I are wise to how "uneven" it is, do we still have to say that Mark Twain was a very great man?

AND while we're on the subject of so-called greatness, says the great American sophisticate of our time—who is the same in the colleges as he is on Madison Avenue—why did Cervantes add those ridiculous pastoral idylls to *Don Quixote* when he could have streamlined his book into another *Madame Bovary* or *The Waste Land?* What did Boswell do, anyway, except put together a lot of anecdotes? Why did Tolstoy add that ridiculous essay on history to *War and Peace,* which is much too long anyway? Can you honestly say that a man is a novelist, an artist, who puts historical personages like Napoleon and Kutuzov into a work of the imagination? The man had no taste—at least not as much in writing his book as I have in reading him! Graham Greene would never have done it. John Updike

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would never have done it. Why did Whitman write with such embarrassing, such obvious stickiness about ferry boats and Presidents and omnibus drivers? Why didn't Dickens strike out of *Bleak House* that ridiculous passage about poor Jo dying in Tom-all-alone's? Why did Beethoven write that vulgar Battle Symphony?

Is it possible that people never had any taste before we came along? Why is it that one cannot simply depend on a masterpiece to *be* a masterpiece all the time? Why can't these so-called great books have taste the way *Hiroshima Mon Amour* has taste, the way the Museum of Modern Art has taste, and women's clothes and women's hats, and Park Avenue skyscrapers made of glass, and most of the ads we see nowadays.

Playing the Primitive

HILTON KRAMER

Amid the general decline that has marked French painting since the end of the Second World War, the work of Jean Dubuffet has occupied a special place. It came to public view for the first time after the war when the artist himself was in his forties, and it was interpreted then as having very little connection with the refinements and ambitions of prewar French painting. It was an art that seemed to repudiate all those elements of logic, analysis, and order that the French, more than any other nation, had especially prized in painting. Dubuffet was widely regarded—and appeared to regard himself—as a man who had thrown into question all the pieties of French tradition. He was taken to be an artist-revolutionary, a man who would effect a wholesale revision of French values and taste. The effect that Dubuffet's art produced, at once alarming and exciting, may be gauged by the outcome of his second exhibition in 1946: although widely denounced as a scandal, the show sold out.

In many ways Dubuffet's style was exactly suited to the anti-cultural role that was eagerly assigned to it. It could boast of irrational sources, imperfect materials, and irreverent subjects. Its crude drawing deliberately aped the untutored scribbling of children, savages, and psychopaths. Its attitude toward color was a calculated affront to one of the glories of French painting. There was something mildly obscene in some of Dubuffet's subjects, and an element of childlike caricature was clearly intended to amuse and entertain in a completely unpainterly manner. The pigment itself tended to be corrupted with "inartistic" materials so that the surfaces of Dubuffet's pictures came more and more to resemble, physically, the cracked sidewalks and crumbling walls whose graffiti yielded the artist some of his original motifs. Where its surfaces were conventional, the color was harsh and garish. This was surely not painting as the French had formerly envisioned it—or so one was told.

As it turned out, there were ample precedents in the art of the 1920's and 1930's for most of Dubuffet's "innovations." The interest in naïve drawing came straight from Paul Klee, and the use of incongruous materials from the old Dadaists. The Surrealists, and especially Miró, had already exploited the expressive possibilities of irrational subjects; they had also created something of a vogue for naïve and automatic drawing, particularly for the kind that reveals "unexpected" erotic themes. The truth is that the radicalism of Dubuffet's style has always been exaggerated by his admirers, but there can be no doubt that the style itself, whatever its debts and limitations, exactly suited the temper of postwar art circles in Europe and the United States.

It was Dubuffet's achievement to bring together these separate elements from movements that had flourished between the wars and give them a raw and forthright expression at the very moment when the artistic community had lost confidence in a more complex, more rational and analytic view of art. Dubuffet's was the case of a man connecting with the right historical moment. The whole nature of his success has been a remarkable example of an artist riding in on a wave of feeling that his own work exploits and enlarges upon but does not itself either create or in any way alter. Twice before, first in 1918 and again in the 1930's, Dubuffet had embarked on an artistic career but had given up both times. He turned to other interests—music and poetry, masks and marionettes—and meanwhile became a successful wine merchant. It was only with his third attempt, in the 1940's, that he scored—and then with an acclaim that few of his contemporaries have equaled.

The retrospective exhibition of Dubuffet's work that Dr. Peter Selz has assembled at the Museum of Modern Art (to be seen later this spring and summer in Chicago and Los Angeles) gives one a very clear view of the artist's development over the last two decades. Nearly two hundred works are included, and all the major themes and materials that have occupied Dubuffet's attention are represented. Like most figurative painters, Dubuffet has focused his interest on a very few subjects: landscape, figures, and still life. He has painted a great many nudes and some striking portraits of his friends. As many artists have done in the past, he frequently paints pictures in series: the "Corps de Dames" group of nudes, the "Sols et Terrains" series of landscapes, and so on. His final compositions are frequently based on drawings from nature.

If one feels inclined, on seeing this exhibition, to underscore the conventional side of Dubuffet's achievement, it is because he emerges from this copious survey as anything but a revolutionary personality. Critics, including some very intelligent ones, have for the most part taken Dubuffet at his word, and have praised or condemned him according to their taste for radical aesthetics. And it must be said that Dubuffet's word is highly persuasive. His own writings are bright and elegant, and he has been a tireless explicator of his every intention and ambition. There is only one thing

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wrong with the essays Dubuffet has written on his own work: their dazzling intellectual finesse makes nonsense of his claim to a free and untutored primitivism. They show us a mandarin literary personality, full of chic phrases and up-to-date ideas, that is quite the opposite of the naïve visionary. In the polished prose of a Parisian dandy, Dubuffet is constantly proclaiming his special affinity with the irrational; in prominent journals, in the publications of the most prosperous galleries and museums in the world, he is forever representing himself as the partisan of "scorned values." It has been a long time since one could regard this sort of thing as anything but a pose. Whatever the virtues of spontaneous, unconscious creation may be, Dubuffet has never known them. His language is the language of the *lycée* and the cafés, just as his art is an art of the studio.

Dr. Selz, in the monograph he has prepared for the exhibition (*Jean Dubuffet;* distributed by Doubleday & Company, $5.50), shows no interest in confronting this discrepancy between Dubuffet's alleged intentions and the actual character of his sensibility and style. (The book is valuable nonetheless for its plates and the small anthology of Dubuffet's essays.) Dr. Selz tells us that Dubuffet "was always fascinated by the strange world on the frontier of reason," and then continues: "Convinced that ideas and intellectuals are enemies of art, he began a systematic search for 'true art,' untouched by artistic culture and unspoiled by contact with the western classic tradition." As if this search for a "true art" transcending the values of the classic tradition hadn't been one of the central conventions of western art for more than sixty years!

Dubuffet actually takes his place in the line of mandarin intellectuals who yearn to play the primitive. He differs from them only to the extent that his conceit prevents him from acknowledging the futility of the enterprise. Whereas the great figures of this tradition have always realized that an unbridgeable distance—a distance of culture, sensibility, and feeling—finally separated them from the kinds of primitive experience they were most drawn to, and then went on to make something meaningful of the contradictions involved, Dubuffet acts as if that alien world were completely accessible to him.

The effect of this conceit on his painting has been a smothering artificiality. Dubuffet is still able to provide a kind of lowbrow satisfaction to an anxious highbrow audience, but he does so now as one of the high priests of French culture. His revolution proved to be a myth; what began as an assault on good taste has simply given rise to a new form of elegance. It is a bit nastier than the old elegance; it affects the slang of the streets, and speaks at times with a menacing rhetoric, but it is really quite safe. Dubuffet's whole career reminds me of a man using four-letter words at a fashionable dinner party. At first one is a little shocked, and then one smiles; the talk is resumed—and the next course is served.

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

A MAN with a ravaged face and beautiful speech reads Byron, Browning, T. S. Eliot; his wife, ardent and clear, reads lines of wisdom and wit from the Chinese poets. A fine pianist bends in austere dedication over the Schumann quintet; a fine actress revives the lyric spirit of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Thanks to Standard Oil (New Jersey), this is what viewers could watch on Tuesday or Sunday evenings at eight during the last month on WNEW, and the sort of thing they can look forward to for weeks to come. They may not always hear the words spoken as beautifully as actor Paul Scofield and Joy Parker spoke them in the first program of this *Festival of the Performing Arts,* or hear music performed as purely as by Rudolf Serkin and the Budapest String Quartet in the second. But producers David Susskind and James Fleming have seen to it that at least twice a week the small screen in New York and Washington can provide experiences of an emotional, aesthetic, and intellectual order, drawn from the creative treasures of time and from the great reservoir of performing talent in this country. They are to be saluted, along with their sponsor, for recognizing a real hunger, long ignored.

For that matter, television has been doing some dangerous things lately. By showing how wonderful it can be, it has confirmed how terrible it usually is, and how the only limitations of the medium are imposed on it by small vision and large greed—a union in contempt of human reach.

The most overwhelming of these new experiences was the hour and a half of "Laudes Evangelii," produced by British commercial television (Associated Rediffusion) and shown on CBS on a recent Sunday afternoon. That this miracle play, from Annunciation to the Ascension, achieved such sustained power and beauty was largely due to Leonid Massine, who directed it in such a way that dance, Valentino Bucchi's music, and scene formed a perfect whole, free from extraneous gestures, the slightest hint of sentimentality, or that lugubrious solemnity which makes so many "religious" programs self-conscious and depressing.

All the dancers were superior, and Massine's daughter Tatiana as the Virgin was especially poignant; but to Angelo Pietri as Christ must go the greatest homage for the most difficult task. I doubt if ever the descent from the Cross—the limp and desecrated body lifted down and on the knees of Mary—has been more perfectly and purely conveyed by living man.

The following Sunday NBC treated us to another of its beautiful fusions of painting and the word in "He Is Risen," the *Project 20* sequel to last year's "The Coming of Christ." With the moving camera bringing to life and color the mag-

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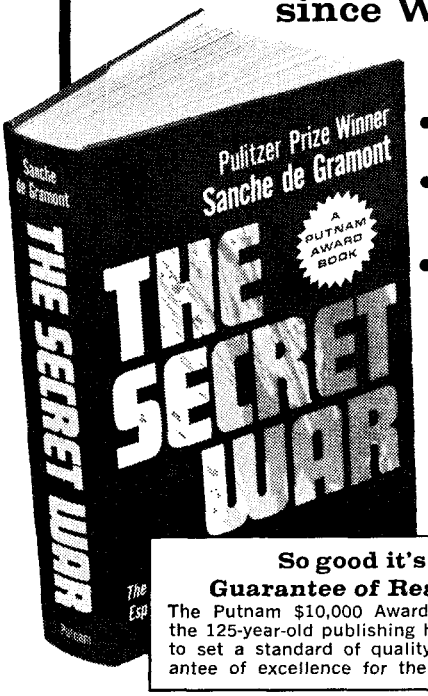

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nificent statements of El Greco, Rembrandt, Velásquez, Tiepolo, and others, with Richard Hanser's flawless choice of Gospel texts read by Alexander Scourby, and with Robert Russell Bennett's musical tapestry weaving them together, producer-director Donald Hyatt has made a work of art that places no barrier to understanding. The viewer who does not feel what he sees and hears on such a program must be catatonic.

NOT ONLY THE ARTS have been given a boost lately. Television news has benefited substantially in two areas this spring. Howard K. Smith has at last been granted the freedom to stretch his first-rate mind once a week on ABC, a loss to CBS occasioned by its restrictive policies on editorializing and a major gain for Jim Hagerty's news operations on ABC.

Every Wednesday evening at 7:30 (next fall it will be Sundays at 10:30), Smith settles down in a replica of his Washington library to tackle a major issue after dealing, not lightly so much as briefly, with two or three lesser ones. On a recent Wednesday he dealt brilliantly with the relations of the President with Congress, drawing on history and such sharp contemporary observers as Sidney Hyman and Hans Morgenthau to conclude that it is better to fight Congress than to conciliate it. A week later he provided a lucid and cogent answer to some of the recent criticisms of the United Nations.

The solidity and coherence of his program is plainly traceable to the fact that he writes every word of it himself and that it is the reflection of a highly organized, perceptive, and honest mind. Howard K. Smith is less a showman than an elucidator, but if his broadcasts are not dramatic, there is still drama in a serious and studious man saying what he believes and why he believes it, using facts as a lawyer builds his brief.

Having lost such conspicuous talents, CBS has taken a wise step in replacing Douglas Edwards with Walter Cronkite on the nightly 7:15 news roundup on CBS. Edwards managed to retain a large audience by having what is known

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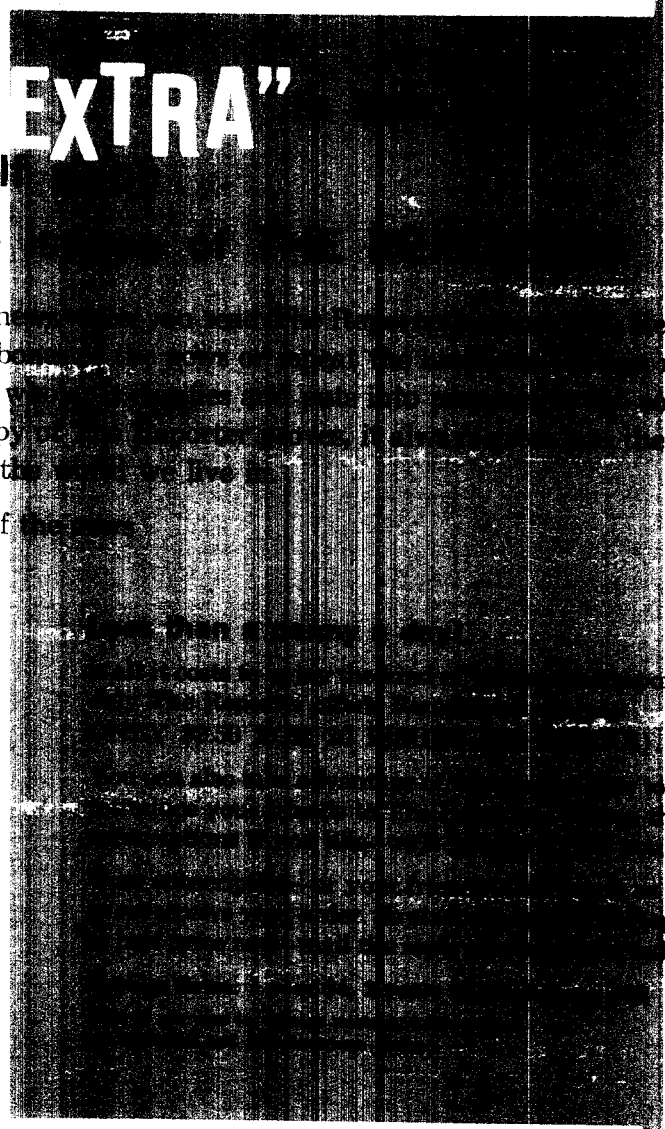

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as an "open" face and expressing no opinions—characteristics, however pleasing to many, that could hardly prevail over the spirited duet of Huntley-Brinkley on NBC. Now viewers can see and hear every night a face and voice that have guided them through an incredible diversity of experiences, from outer space to underwater, from chats with Presidents to exchanges with physicists. It is hard to imagine a cozier mentor than this excellent reporter with the jolly-serious face, the vigorous but never portentous voice, the inexhaustible vitality and the temperamental balance that makes Republicans and Democrats alike find him sympathetic. You don't worry about what Cronkite thinks; you just sort of trust him.

His new program will doubtless benefit also from the unique services of David Schoenbrun, now in Washington, and from a group of commentators who though dwindling in number still include some of the most gifted observers in the business. Whether they will provide anything substantially new in the handling of news, either in technique or approach, is yet to be seen. In the meantime, just leave it to Walter.

ANOTHER SHIFT on CBS public affairs is the replacement of Charles Collingwood with Ned Calmer on *CBS Views the Press.* Barbara Kerr, who has contributed to many of the program's observant and often amusing scripts this last year, will continue as writer-producer, and it will be interesting to see from now on what differences in style and approach a very different personality will bring to this examination of the printed media. With the handsome and worldly Collingwood, the bite was in the word rather than in the manner, and it may just be that the saturnine Calmer, a sharp man with words himself, with long-time newspaper experience, will have the edge a bit. That the program performs a real service—and performs it well—this year has proved. The subject is, after all, inexhaustible, and the object a healthy one. Collingwood, in the meantime, takes over *Eyewitness to History,* on Friday nights, a job for which he is superbly equipped.

BOOKS

1984 and All That

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

GEORGE ORWELL: FUGITIVE FROM THE CAMP OF VICTORY, by Richard Rees. *Southern Illinois University Press. $4.50.*

Toward the end of this excellent short book, Sir Richard Rees asks why it is that more than ten years after his death, Orwell continues to be widely read and admired. Does the intrinsic merit of his work sufficiently account for it? The quantity does not. Orwell himself spoke of a kind of "good bad book," of which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the supreme example, which cannot be praised exactly on artistic grounds but which nevertheless may outshine "the entire works of George Moore and Virginia Woolf." Is Orwell's work, and especially *1984,* something like that? Rees does not concede that *1984,* even with weaknesses especially in the latter part, can be called a bad book, but he does say that it and Orwell's whole work acquire their added power from the ethical and political significance of Orwell as a man. "There does exist a type of good book," writes Rees, "whose goodness is directly or indirectly, obviously or subtly, connected with certain moral excellences in the writer." That seems to me to be right. Even the faults we see in the books are linked to virtues in the man.

Some of the charges one now hears against Orwell, of course, are not entirely fair, proceeding less from what Orwell himself did than from what others have made of him. "1984," "Big Brother," and ". . . but some are more equal than others," as well as "Doublethink" and "Orwellian" (especially with "nightmare") have become part of our inventory of phrases, perhaps even of the unexamined stock phrases and mindless chanting ("four legs, good; two legs, bad") that Orwell detested. When a writing man becomes a world-wide symbol and a few of his words become common property, there is perhaps inevitably a distortion, especially when, as in Orwell's case, the man's own position is not a simple one. Orwell's fame rests on two books of allegorical politics that were among the earliest and best statements of ideas or apprehensions, that were, or came to be, a part of the general postwar atmosphere; as fictitious politics and as part of the general atmosphere they were ripe for misunderstanding. *Animal Farm,* a specific satire on the history of the Soviet Union, could be read as a criticism of all socialism, including that of the British Labour Party, which Orwell supported, or even as consonant with that cracker-barrel cynicism which begins and ends its politics with the idea that there will always and everywhere be exploiters and exploited, givers and takers, top dogs and underdogs. *1984,* a futuristic criticism of totalitarianism and of specific evils of modernity that Orwell wanted to attack, tended to be assimilated to all the inverted utopias that are a mark of our time and to gather up with them all the various fears that men of quite different politics may have of the future. That political ideas may be compressed into stereotypes and made use of for purposes contradictory to their original meaning was one of Orwell's clear percep-

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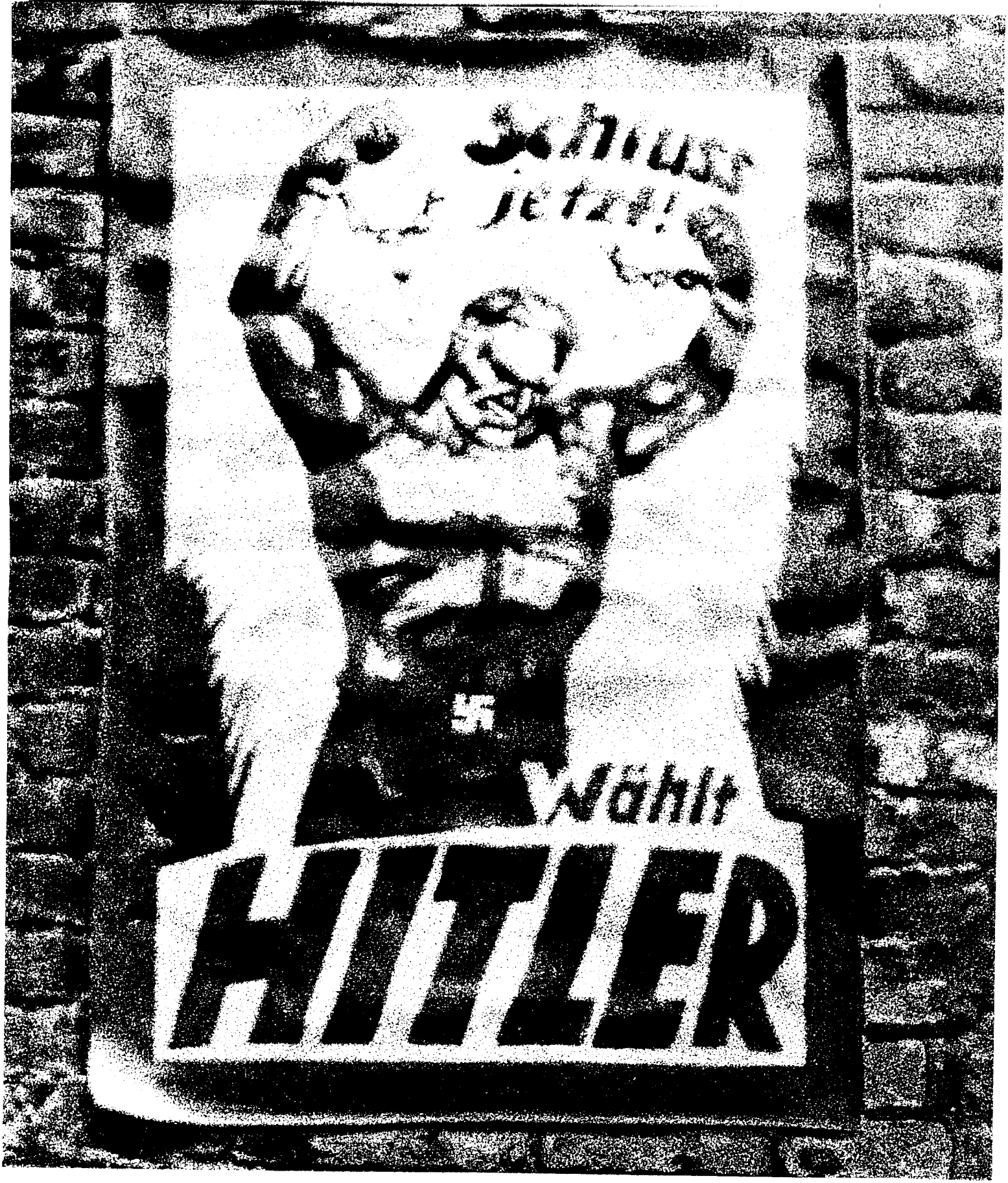

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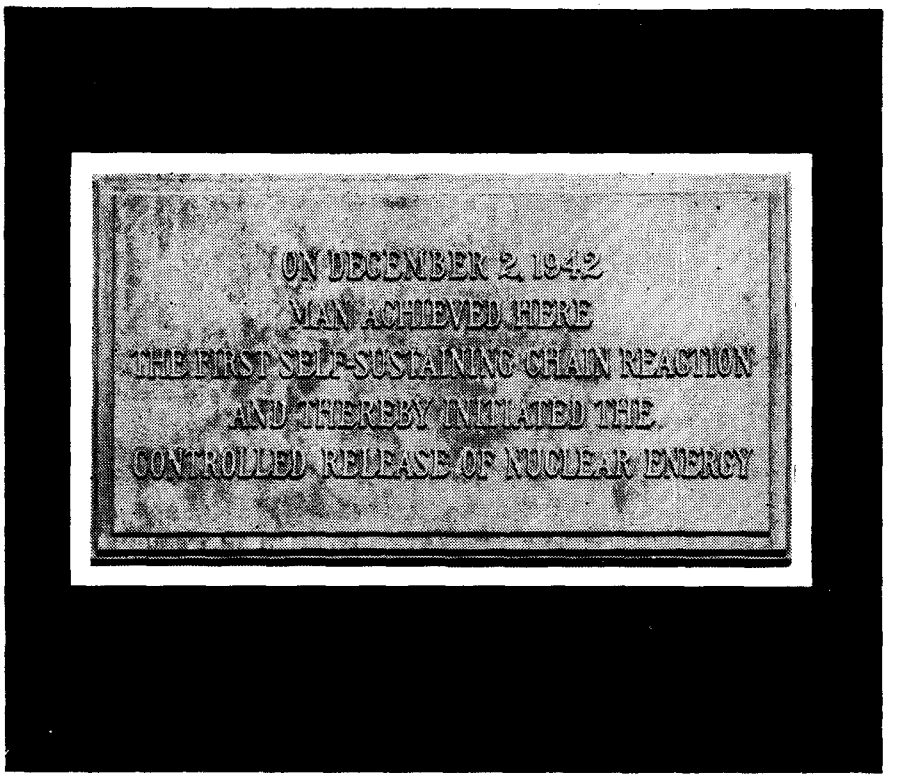
tions; there can scarcely be any doubt that something like this has happened to Orwell himself.

But there is no fault of his in this. In fact, any party-linish criticism about "giving aid and comfort to the enemy" would partake of the mental closure—the "nationalism"—that he helps us to resist. His defects, I think, are to be found in quite another place, in the intensity of his disgust and his contempt which led him to an exaggerated politics.

His books are filled not only with the smells and sights and tastes and dramatic unpleasantness he insisted on specifying—dirty thumbs in the butter, ill-fitting false teeth, rats eating Winston Smith's face, the latrine smell at the Spanish War front—but also with repugnance and detestation, in the same vein, for certain human types and human facts. The reaction of sensitive nostrils was extended to people and political positions and social arrangements, to smelly orthodoxies and disgusting groups and sickening positions. Sometimes it seems he wrote from the stomach: "tinned food" is right up there with rubber truncheons in his list of modern horrors; a chief fault of his fellow socialists seems to be that they drink fruit juice; when a Pittsburgh millionaire staying at a fancy Paris hotel dines each night in his room on scrambled eggs and Grape-Nuts, Orwell concludes in disgust that it may be all right to take unfair advantage of such a man.

But his disdain went well beyond Grape-Nuts eaters and fruit-juice drinkers; he rather too often writes of "mingy little beasts," or "verminous little lions," or "sleek little professors," or "an ass of an American missionary," or "shock-headed Marxists chewing polysyllables"; feminists, pacifists, vegetarians, and teetotalers are regularly treated simply by epithet. All ordinary "successful" jobs appear to Orwell, returning from Burma, as species of "bullying"; all business is regarded by his character Gordon Comstock, in *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, as, of course, a "swindle"; and it seems that whenever Orwell mentions organized religion the word "racket" is not far behind. Dreariness and money and class are pervasive;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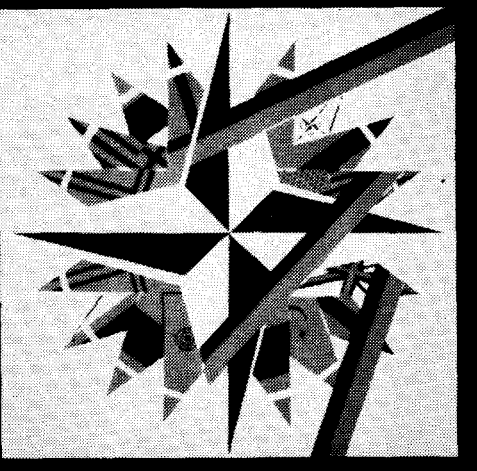

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the world—the English upper- and middle-class world, anyway—stinks.

Orwell had mankind, or our section of mankind, coming and going. On the one side, he has a surprising old-fashioned moralism in him, of the kind he discerns and partly rejects but partly accepts in his essay on Dickens: the individual good man as the solution to social ills. "It seemed to me then—it sometimes seems to me now, for that matter," he wrote in *The Road to Wigan Pier* of the time when he returned to England from Burma, "that economic injustice will stop the moment we want it to stop, and no sooner, and if we genuinely want it to stop, the method adopted hardly matters." That seems to me very much like, and as thoroughly inadequate as, the "If each one would be converted one by one then social problems would take care of themselves" of the evangelical summer camp. (Who is the "we" in Orwell's statement? What is the "want"?) To this note he joins a good deal of conventional morality and conventionality about manners and habits.

But then, on the other side, he offers a thoroughgoing and passionate criticism of "the system" beyond anything any respectable moralism ever thought of: all that bourgeois life goes on on the back of the coal miner crouched in his cramping, wearing, dreary job; it is protected by the colonial police and the hangman whom its beneficiaries despise; it is shot through with money-seeking and class feeling about how "the working classes smell." Orwell's pincers movement is too much: he says to us, be respectable, honorable, clean-shaven, and conventional, without being grubby; wear no sandals, despise Nancy boys, write straight prose, and be generous at heart but at the same time admit where your income comes from; don't be soft, sleek, or sheltered, and despise the system root and branch. That is a double whammy, and at least he should not insist that a society that does not live up to his multiple exacting standards smells bad. Some of the stench must be in the nostrils of the smeller. I think he should have been less fierce about his fellow socialists and, at the same time, less fierce about his fellow middle-class conservative folk, whom the socialists attacked.

All of this is only my personal way of trying to identify Orwell's defects. What about this book? Sir Richard Rees sees these faults in his friend Orwell, and he records them, but he helps one to subordinate them thoroughly and properly to Orwell's merit.

On the fruit-juice matter, he nicely turns an Orwell criticism of Chesterton's opposition to tea back against the critic: "But if Orwell is free to denounce fruit-juice on every other page, why should Chesterton be forbidden to denounce tea?" On larger matters he has a nice caricature of the weakness in Orwell's view of British politics:

"Scene—the Stock Exchange, a groggy-looking, heavily fissured concrete skyscraper, with evil faces at every window—a Rolls Royce drives up and out of it there emerges a fat old woman, swathed in mink, cuddling a Pekingese, and with a protruding black velvet posterior—She waddles into the building—Meanwhile, a procession of socialists straggles by, bearded, sandaled, spectacled, holding banners proclaiming 'Down with the Army and the Navy! Down with the Demon Drink! Up with Free Love and Fruit Juice!'"

But Rees makes quite clear that despite his limitations Orwell was an extraordinarily good man, and good in a way that is relevant to his politics and writing.

The point is, he was a morally and politically serious man. It is hard to be rigorous with oneself with respect to some ideal, trying to exclude what falls short of it, and not also be—abrupt, shall we say—with those close by who represent the shortness. Orwell had in him a demanding and complex ethical-political-literary ideal, of pressing importance to mankind, which he took with utmost seriousness. It is not surprising, then, that he was a little hard on the political chatter of socialist teas.

He was a political moralist (he would not like that phrase, I'll bet) and also something of a political-moral hero: his intense perceptions about the ethics of modern society were made directly applicable to his own action. Orwell had been in the

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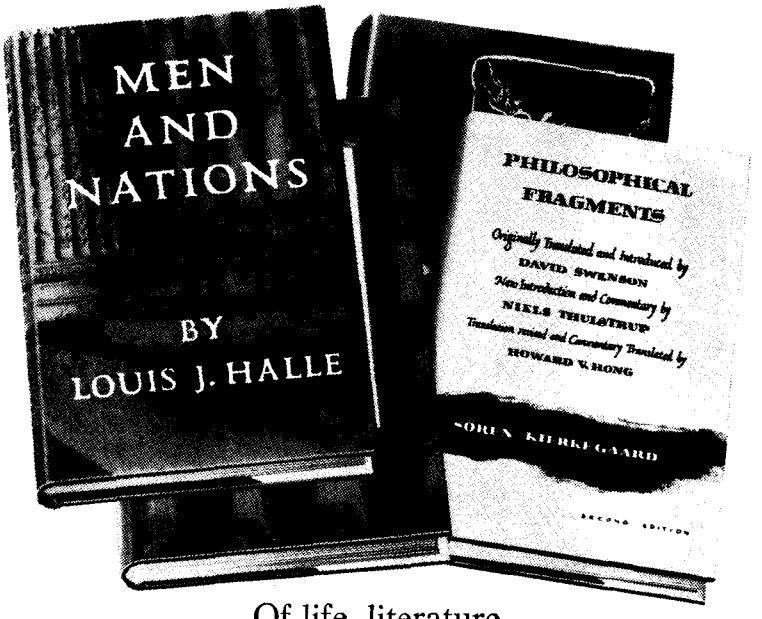
colonial police in Burma; he had more or less voluntarily been "down and out in Paris and London"; he had known and lived with tramps and derelicts; he is shown in this book trying to get himself put in jail; he had lived in workers' homes in Wigan; he had fought and been wounded in the Spanish Civil War. He had the authority of experience that is always a big thing in political discussion; in addition, he had the greater authority of the voluntary decision—the moral decision—to have these particular experiences. But that was not all. The he-really-knows-because-he's-been-there theme, taken by itself, may be overdone. Orwell had not only "been there," he had been there taking his extraordinary standards with him; he had been there as a good man of a complicated modern sort. He connected his morality to his politics, and subordinated his politics to a larger system of values, including literary and intellectual ones; he held to his convictions with intensity, and related the whole to what really happened and to his own life. One does not get all that put together very often: saints and old-fashioned good men are usually lacking in political sense; passionate political men rarely care much about language; word-and-idea men do not always have a sharp awareness of the limits of social and political reality. Orwell was an unusual combination, and it was precisely that several-sidedness and intensity of standards I was complaining about which is the source of what is good in him.

Rees says Orwell decided in his thirties not just to "write" but to write with a political purpose. He identifies that purpose by a quotation from Simone Weil, between whom and Orwell he finds parallels, about justice always shifting to the weaker side—being "fugitive from the victor's camp." That may suggest two main elements of Orwell's politics, stubborn, insistent identification with the oppressed (too simple in his early days, he admits) and open and critical examination of the situation, stripped of ideological predispositions, the politics of truth, as Lionel Trilling called it. This last makes the link with Orwell's concern about language. Orwell is at his best,



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THE REPORTER Acrostickler No. 55

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 198 100 12 22 84 116 214 2
An ochre-yellow or brown mineral.

B. 154 42 18 170 30 74 8 138 106 206
A recent habitat of the Acrostician. (5,5)

C. 72 6 114 208 10 196 216
"Costly thy_____thy purse can buy."
Shakespeare, "Hamlet" (5,2).

D. 136 102 46 118 20 64 86 104 220 152 210
202
Traditional honeymoon resort. (7,5).

E. 112 194 70 142 158 166 38 78
Title of Lord Chancellor supposedly executed by Richard III at the Tower of London.

F. 58 76 44 180 200 204 178 120
Name applied to Mexicans by U.S. soldiers during the Mexican War.

G. 32 184 108 54
A state including the valley of middle Mekong and the upper tributaries of the Chao Phraya.

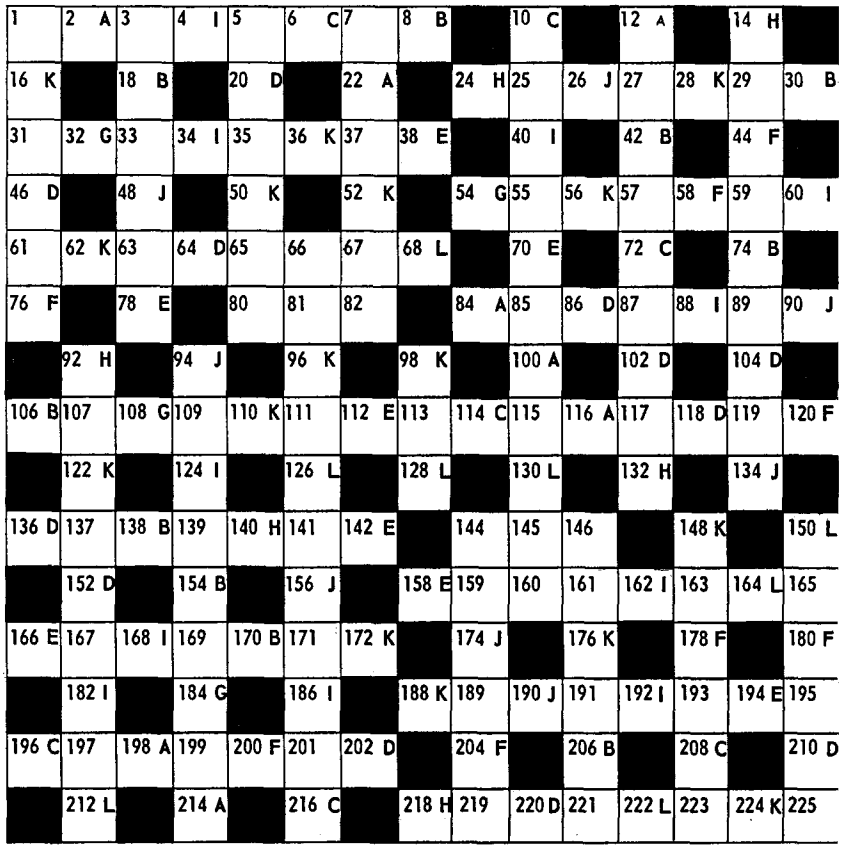
H. 132 92 14 218 24 140
"May none those marks_____! For they appeal from tyranny to God." Byron, "*Sonnet on Chillon.*"

I. 186 182 168 124 34 40 4 88 192 162 60
Spruce dress (5,6).

J. 90 26 48 94 156 174 190 134
"When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was _____,' And proved it--'twas_____what he said." Byron, "Don Juan." (same expression used twice) (2,6).

K. 98 122 172 96 62 16 52 176 50 28 224
148 56 110 36 188
The score to "Show Boat," for example (6,5,5).

L. 68 126 212 128 222 130 150 164
"Love is a circle that doth_____move
In the same sweet eternity of love."
Herrick, "Love What It Is."



ACROSS

1. Prams and so on may be used in the soldiers' rehabilitation area (4,4).
24. Bing, but not of the Met.
31. Appropriate toy for use in playing or in 1 across (4,4).
54. Does an insect do this in a rug when guns are up over a leg?
61. It's not nice when a devil is a cowboy.
80. Make an attempt in the pantry or the kitchen.
84. A kind of existence in which one takes part and thrives.
106. To anticipate, as what we eat may do sometimes. (5,3,7).
136. When we are in a nest, we are closest.
144. A conjunction is found in the heavens between Titan, Diomede, and Mars!
158. It's not the principal who takes a tine to the first part of 1 across.
166. Not 136, but the majority of 136 is far off (3,4).
188. It's not mechanical, not an alternative form of energy, either.
196. Trims one who is both sad and just.
218. Salads Ma made produced Ophelia, for example (1,3,4).

DOWN

1. Fix animals for another flood?
3. Let the manuscript past. It's got the stickers on it.
5. Is it a cart or donkey bait?
7. Don't fool around. Give Kay the money.
10. Get across Pa or Ma? You can see through them, at any rate.
12. What TR found in Cuba wasn't smooth, but it beat walking. (5,4).
14. A false reef can give you more sense of security (4,5).
66. Such churchmen object to emmets
92. Bums and deadheads.
94. What the Acrostician is.
98. A black stream.
144. The man in church hears a song
146. Consider the deed with me.
148. An early English kingdom is found in America, almost.
150. Puts off booking seats in this part of the theater.

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it seems to me, in his essays, and one of the best of them is "Politics and the English Language." There and elsewhere he speaks of the moral danger of the prefabricated clichés and thoughtless phrases of politics—"newspeak" is one of the memorable inventions of *1984*. Rees, one is happy to see, is willing to use the phrase "not unsympathetic," despite Orwell's attack on the "not un-" formation ("A not unblack dog was chasing a not unsmall rabbit across a not ungreen field"); here, as elsewhere, Orwell's intensity made him overdo the objection: gradations are useful, and that formation is not always undesirable. But Orwell's fierce attacks on gummed-together clichés and thoughtless, empty phrases are also useful. Indeed, Orwell's perception that language can corrupt thought and that corrupt language in politics can cloak and encourage corrupt deeds is the best result of his many-sided political morality.

REES writes chiefly, in a quiet and illuminating way, about Orwell's books, but he knew Orwell long and well, and here and there in the book, and especially in the last chapter, he writes in a personal vein. Though he can be linked in a Wells-Orwell-Osborne succession of angry young men, Orwell in person was not angry but friendly and amiable, without obvious ambition; his rebellion was disinterested, not sprung from the thwarting of himself but from the maltreatment of Burmese and workingmen and beggars. He was "old-fashioned"; he had a "delicacy" that resisted psychologizing people; despite his socialism he would say to a Marxist tirade: "Look here, I'm a bourgeois and my family are bourgeois. If you talk about them like that I'll punch your head."

Rees indicates, gently, that there was an exaggerated sense of honor in him, and a touch of spiritual pride in the moral heroism he expected of himself and others. Rees speaks of Orwell's interest in the "religious attitude"; from that attitude he seems to have taken more of the moral rigor than of the charitable awareness of human frailty. But if that is a fault, it is the fault of a good man about whom this is a good book.

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Without Folly

SAREL EIMERL

RAYMOND CHANDLER SPEAKING, edited by Dorothy Gardiner and Kathrine Sorley Walker. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

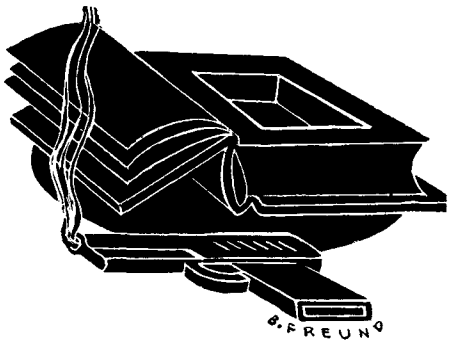
The writer of mystery novels, if he takes his work seriously, must find his situation maddening. His books may be relished by highly cultivated people and his literary skills widely admired, but through all the praise there will run a streak of condescension. Even his most ardent fans will never take him quite seriously, and their loftiest compliment is only too likely to be the suggestion that he ought to be writing "real" novels.

The frustrations this situation can provoke are vividly demonstrated in the letters of Raymond Chandler which have now been published, together with some essays, notes on writing, and scraps of fiction, three years after his death. They resemble the letters of most authors in the obsession with the technique of writing and the almost paranoid conviction that the writer himself is not making enough money. They differ from most letters in that they are as gripping as any novel. They are cantankerous, forthright, and often hilarious. They offer intriguing glimpses of the mystery writer at work, grappling with the problems of how to balance pace against depth of focus and action against the development of character; of how to baffle the reader without deceiving him; of how to make the best use of a corpse. But what they reveal most clearly is the anguish of a man who considered himself an artist but knew that he was generally regarded as merely a brilliant hack.

CHANDLER came late to the writing of fiction, though in his early twenties, in England, he had contributed essays and poems to literary journals. In 1919, when he was thirty-one, he settled in California and worked at various odd jobs, finally graduating to oil executive. He started to write mysteries for pulp magazines after he lost his job in the depression. Between 1939 and 1942, he published three novels, *The Big Sleep, Farewell, My Lovely,* and *The High Window,* which established him, together with Dashiell Hammett, as joint grand master of the hard-boiled mystery. He retained, however, the intellectual's tendency to analyze, and in his letters he probes repeatedly the questions of what makes good writing.

Chandler was justly proud of his style and his ability to create characters: the two qualities he believed to be most important in a writer. His complaint is that the people who write—and read—book reviews exaggerate the importance of subject matter, and that Americans, in particular, are too apt to respect bad books that deal with so-called "significant" themes. It is this distortion of values, in his view, that leads to the denigration of mysteries.

Comparatively few Americans share the French and English concern for style, and too many Americans—and Englishmen and Frenchmen—tend to overvalue trash when it masquerades as social comment or psychological penetration. Nonetheless, one senses in Chandler's reasoning an uneasy awareness that he was ducking the main issue. For a novel, if it is to be a work of art, must deal truthfully with some aspect of the human condition; and mysteries, as Chandler admits, inevitably burlesque reality.



Why, then, did Chandler not try to write a "serious" novel? He certainly possessed the necessary skills. His explanation is that he started to write melodrama because "it was the only kind of writing I saw that was relatively honest and yet was not trying to put over somebody's party line." Presumably he would have claimed that he continued to write it for the same reason. This rationale is such obvious nonsense that one is tempted to search for a more basic explanation that Chan-

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dler himself chose not to recognize. The most telling clue in the letters is his refusal to write his memoirs on the ground of reticence. But the novelist who tries to portray reality as he sees it, instead of hiding behind the mask of burlesque, necessarily risks self-exposure, and it is hard not to conclude that Chandler stuck to mysteries because he shrank from revealing himself to the public.

YET, ironically, he was too honest a man and writer to avoid letting himself be known. Many of Chandler's admirers have always assumed that the skeptical, embittered Philip Marlowe was really a projection of his creator, and the letters prove that we were right. Like Marlowe, Chandler was a lonely and frustrated man, sickened and angered by the many hypocrisies and pretensions of our "Coca-Cola age," which he further characterized as one of "efficient vulgarity." His contempt for the society that he himself avoided, in his later years, by living as a recluse in La Jolla was perhaps best summed up in his comment on Marlowe: "Of course Marlowe is a failure and he knows it. He is a failure because he hasn't any money."

Most of all, Chandler hated phoniness. He loathed the kind of mystery writers with overrefined styles who could write "acned" with rust, instead of "spotted," and magazine editors who couldn't send honest rejection notes, and huckstering agents, and the "clever-clever" intellectuals of the little magazines, and Hollywood chi-chi, and film producers with smiles on their faces and knives up their sleeves. He liked books with good stories and Humphrey Bogart's acting. He loved his wife and, for all the sweat and pains it cost him, he loved writing. "The actual writing," he wrote, "is what you live for . . . How can you hate the magic which makes a paragraph or a sentence or a line of dialogue or a description something in the nature of a new creation?"

It is significant that the writer he praises most highly is that supreme embodiment of literary common sense, Somerset Maugham, who, Chandler commented, "is without folly or silliness." The phrase would have made a fitting epitaph for Chandler himself.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

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"Fellow Americans, turn off the television awhile, and, for the sake of your souls, read
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'Be Calm, Sir'

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE LAST BOURBONS OF NAPLES (1825-1861), by Harold Acton. *St. Martin's Press. $10.*

With this volume Harold Acton completes his history of the Bourbon kings of Naples. After the fall of Gaeta, in 1861, it was all over. Victor Emmanuel ruled; the Piedmontese had unified the country. Or so it seemed. The dukedoms, the principalities, the republics—small but rising like the towers of San Gimignano above the landscape of Italian history—were absorbed into the new kingdom of Italy. Or you might say that they were absorbed into the nineteenth century. Rome, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Milan, Turin, and Naples henceforth were to be cities of a modern state. The foreigner had been thrown out. The poets, who for centuries mourned Italy enslaved, were now victorious. Never again would patriots languish in alien prisons. Absolute monarchy and regional independence alike were suddenly anachronisms.

To Neapolitans, however, the anachronisms were not as immediatedly apparent as they were elsewhere. Naples did not move voluntarily toward national unity. The city was conquered by troops from the north, and by a northern king who was not as alien as the Austrian or the French, but who was foreign to Neapolitan habit, language, and pride.

If Naples had been left alone . . . but that was impossible: the new nationalism could not leave Naples, or any part of Europe, alone. In Naples as everywhere else, the new times demanded freedom from domination by the foreigner and freedom from the domination of absolute monarchs. Everywhere the demand was for a constitution. But men are short-sighted: the constitutional panacea turned out to be no more than a beginning, a step toward what Utopias we still do not know.

"However much we admire the Risorgimento we must realize that he [the Neapolitan king] had nothing to gain and everything to lose," Mr. Acton writes. "His experience of the Neapolitan liberals only strengthened his innate belief in his own infallibility. . . . Without foreign interference the kingdom might have been a contented and prosperous oasis. . . . The rebellious minority of native intellectuals, small but vociferous, attributed everything that irked them to the existing dispensation, while for the most part what they raged against was inherent in human weakness . . ." Even though it may be easy to consider such views reactionary, it is better to leave all tags aside. This is no book of royalist nostalgia. Its merit is to correct crude portraits of the two last Neapolitan rulers, Ferdinand II and Francis II, that were drawn by the angry disputants of the times.

Ferdinand was strong and he stood against the tide. There was one year, 1848, when it seemed that he, like his colleagues in Germany and France, could stem it. The "native intellectuals," nourished on the legend of the French revolution, paid the populace to set barricades up where they would be impressive, rather than effective—across the only long, straight street Naples possessed, the Toledo, which is to say where the king's cannon could destroy them. Perhaps two thousand men were killed in the streets and in house-to-house fighting. The populace applauded the intellectuals and the rebel national guard; when the carnage was concluded, it applauded the king's men. While the issue still remained uncertain, the king said to an officer: "Be calm, sir, and do not call the people *canaglia!* They are Neapolitans—they are my countrymen and subjects! . . . . Take prisoners, but do not kill! There are many now in the streets who by tomorrow will repent of their error." It sounds like a liberal Czar in one of his more optimistic moments after a riot in St. Petersburg; it could not sound less like the utterances of such improvements on the totalitarian ruler as we have seen since the kings of Naples and the Czars are gone.

It was left to Ferdinand's son to capitulate after the long siege of Gaeta. Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel were of course too strong for him, yet it was the spirit of the times that drove him into exile. In history the people in the streets never repent of their error.

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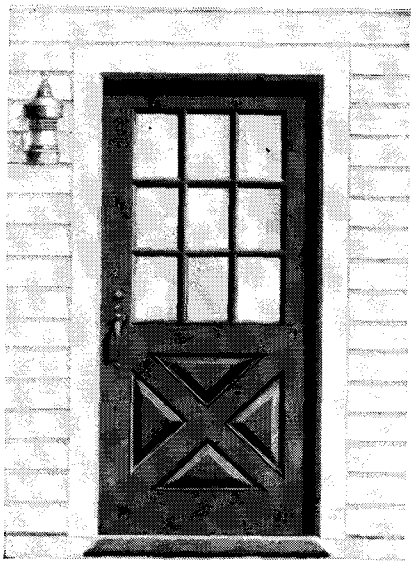
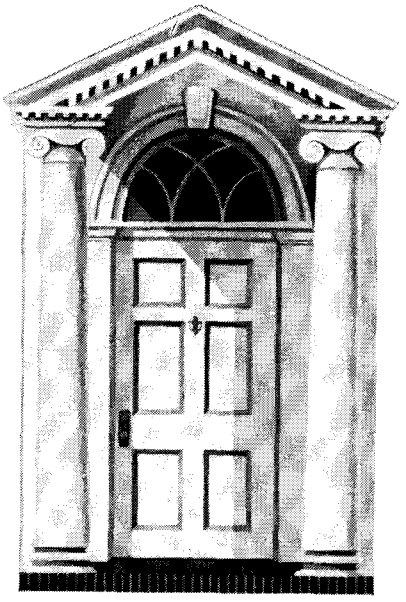
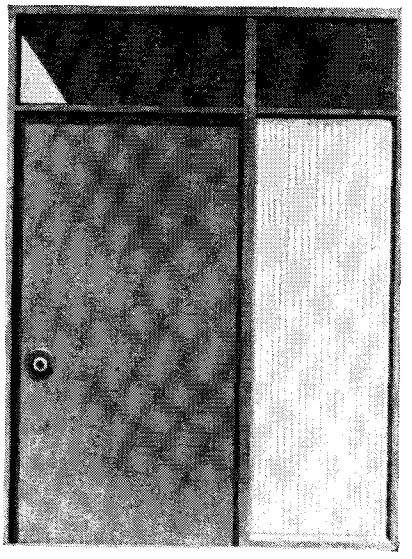
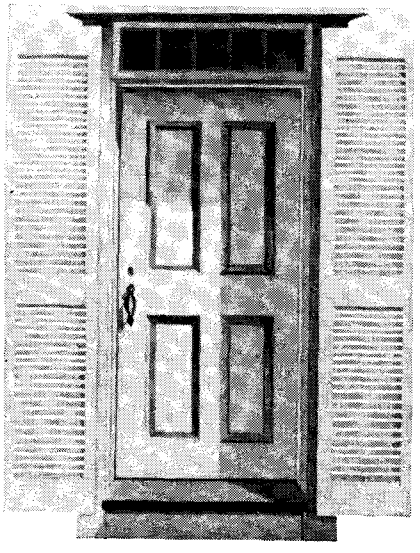
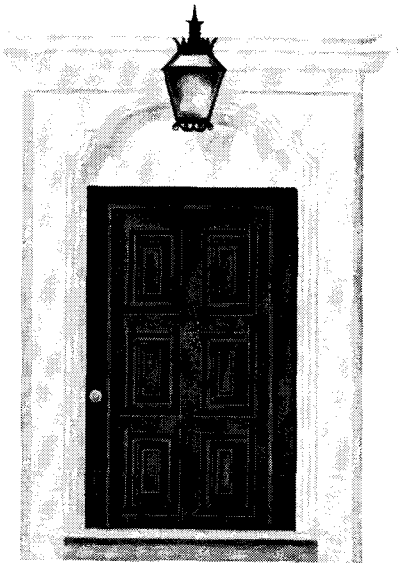
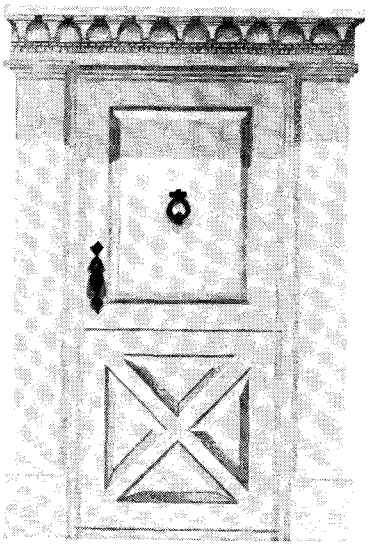

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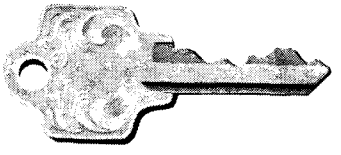

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Adieux de Napoléon à La Garde Impériale à Fontainebleau. Détail de la peinture par E.J.H.Vernet.

Napoleon bids farewell to his Imperial Guard at Fontainebleau, April 20, 1814, shortly before abdicating. General Petit, Commandant, embraces him.

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